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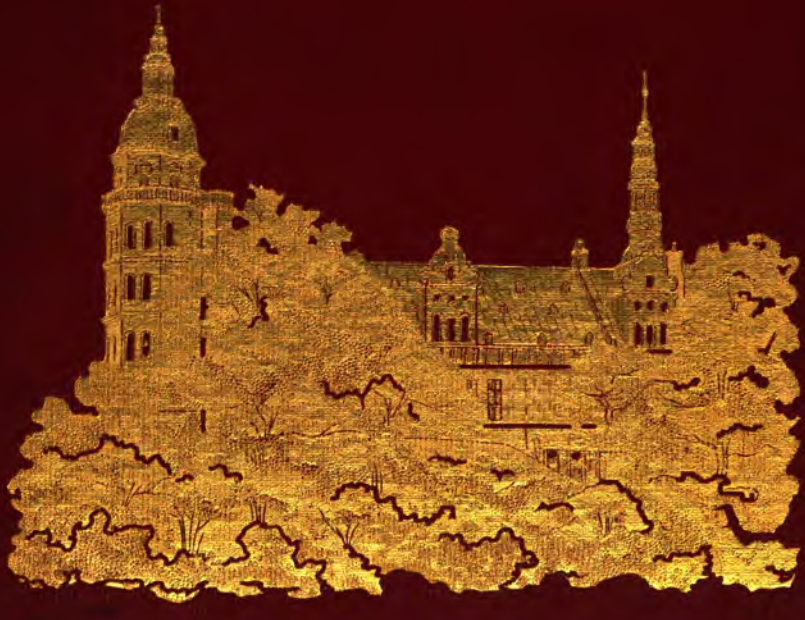

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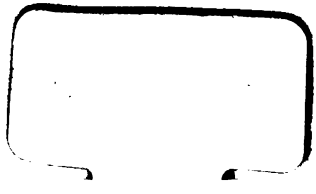

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Travel Sketches

of

Norway, Sweden, Russia, Austria, Belgium and Holland

By

Grace M. Levings

With Illustrations by the Author

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TO

MY HUSBAND

THE DOCTOR

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The design on the front cover is the Castle of Elsinore, where Shakespeare makes the ghost appear to Hamlet.

TRAVEL SKETCHES

I

Norway and Sweden

WE left New York on the North German Lloyd steamer, Kaiser Wilhelm II., for Bremen, Germany, with the intention of traveling through Norway, Sweden and Russia. Almost all of the passengers alighted at Plymouth, and Cherbourg, leaving but few of us on board and making the last two days of the trip seem very long.

We went from Bremen to Hamburg by train. At Hamburg I suddenly discovered that my guide-book was over ten years old, and that the hotel I had selected from it as a place of sojourn, was no longer on the Hamburg

map. We therefore walked directly across the street from the railway station, and from a row of prosperous looking hotels, selected one and registered for apartments.

In Hamburg there is one of the largest hospitals in Europe. Doctor was therefore off before eight o'clock the next morning to visit it.

Left to my own resources, I took a cab and drove quite a distance, until I saw some attractive shops where I paid the cab man. Previously on European trips I had carried my own money; but this time I decided to get rid of that responsibility, and had handed all of it over to Doctor. After I had paid the cab man I had just five dollars left in my pocket book. I entered a shop, selected some very attractive dinner place cards, and asked the price. "Twenty marks (five dollars),"

said the shop man. I immediately put down my five dollars, took the package and went out on the street. It had commenced to rain very hard. For the first time I now realized that I had spent all my money. I could not hire a cab, and did not know the name of my hotel, a few miles distant. I was penniless and lost in a strange city. After having walked a long distance in the rain, I came to a Cook & Son office. The manager called a cab and told the driver to take me to the side of the railroad station which faces the hotel. The hotel porter paid the cab man.

I did not look in the box containing my place cards until I returned to America. I then found that I had about a dozen cards in all, but some were broken. I am sure that I had selected and paid for about three dozen; but perhaps the shop man did not understand

my German, because in Hamburg they roll their r's at the end of the tongue. They said to me in the shop, "Sie sprechen schon gut Deutsch aber es passt nicht hierher." (You speak good German already but it doesn't fit here.) Now I am quite convinced that one should not give away all his ready money.

The next morning before leaving the hotel I asked the clerk where I could buy a German flag. He replied in a passementerie shop.

In the Jungfernstieg Strasse (the path of the young lady) was a post wagon of bright canary yellow, upon which was seated the driver in a brilliant red cape and helmet.

The architecture of the business houses and hotels in Hamburg, situated around the Alster Lake, is as striking and handsome as any in Europe. The residences in most cases are constructed of fine red brick, and the coloring is

very artistic. They have white trimmings, finished porticoes, and pointed roofs, which produce a sort of light, airy, chalet style of architecture. There are a great many window boxes of flowers, in variegated, brilliant colorings. The general effect of the city is one of substantiality, wealth, artistic finish and prosperity.

The parks are beautiful; the street car system excellent. In every car there is a sign reading, "No woman allowed here with hat pins which project beyond her hat."

In the old Jewish quarter there are whole streets of medieval houses similar to those of Rouen and Caen, in France.

After spending a day in Hamburg, we took the train for Lübeck, en route for Copenhagen. One can go by way of Kiel, where the famous yacht regatta is held; but somebody

said that Lübeck is a rarely interesting town, so we quickly decided upon that route.

Lübeck should not be missed. The ponderous feudal gate through which one enters is quite typical of the town; for we find here many antiquated buildings with quaint roofs and many streets with picturesque turns.

In the Rathskeller there are wonderful rooms, decorated in designs of the medieval period. In two of the churches there are mechanical clocks of intricate mechanism, which cause startling effects. When the clock in the Dom Kirche (Cathedral) strikes, a skeleton comes out on one side of the dial and an angel on the other side. When the clock in the Marien Kirche (St. Mary's Church) strikes at noon, the figures of seven electors march out, bow before the emperor, and withdraw into the clock. The pulpit in the Marien

Kirche is decorated with large sculptured figures in white marble, on a perfectly black back ground. Another striking decoration in this church consists of rococo gilt frames, surrounding small paintings. The frames are such as we are accustomed to see on Florentine miniature paintings, but are very large, and the pictures are suspended high on the walls of the church. The charm of Lübeck lies in its quaint, graceful, artistic antiquity.

After about three hours spent in Lübeck, we took a cab to drive to the boat for Copenhagen. On the way I noticed a large cake and coffee shop which was doing a thriving business. The sign over the shop read, "Zur kleinen Elisabeth" (To the little Elisabeth).

The boat was scheduled to leave Lübeck at 6:30 p. m. We had almost reached the dock, which is on the outskirts of the city, when we

were "held up" by a bridge opening. The bridge rests upon six screws, three at each end. The screws revolve vertically and the bridge slowly ascends, always on a level. One boat passed rapidly under the bridge. It was followed by another, a smaller one with a single occupant, who propelled his craft by pushing hand over hand along the brick foundation. A whistle pierced the air, though no other boat was in view, either up or down the river; and the bridge remained up in the air.

By this time a long line of carriages was waiting, and fearing we would miss the Copenhagen boat I asked a porter: "When can we go on?" He replied, "Wenn alles wieder los ist." (When everything is loose again.) Then around a curve in the river, fully a block away, appeared the boat that had whistled up in the country somewhere, and for ten minutes

it proceeded cautiously down stream towards us. After it had passed, the bridge came down and a tremendous amount of traffic proceeded on its way.

We went aboard the boat and proceeded on our journey. At this season of the year it is daylight here until nine o'clock, and twilight until ten. Beautiful views are to be seen from the boat deck. Tall grass, a man's height, grows along the water's edge, and upon the banks are many lumber yards and factories. Among the products of these factories are white brick, cork and chemicals.

As the boat pulled into the harbor of Copenhagen next morning I noticed that the docking facilities are excellent and the harbor itself beautiful. We were now pretty well north, and the mornings were quite cold.

Copenhagen gained some notoriety a few

years ago by presenting Dr. Cook a degree for finding the North Pole. Having been in Copenhagen, it is not surprising to me that the Danes took up Dr. Cook, for they are a most honest and unsuspecting people. Every face on the street is an open book.

Copenhagen is a center of modern culture, and art has been patronized here since the seventeenth century. And while I am on the subject, I may as well say that the most interesting thing to me in the city was the Thorwaldsen sculptures. Thorwaldsen was born here in 1770. When he was twenty-seven years old he went to Rome as a fellow of the Academy of Copenhagen, and worked there for forty years. The work of the Italian sculptors is so perfect in its artistic finesse that you do not feel a humanizing influence. The Thorwaldsen sculpture is per-

fect in its technique, but he has also humanly idealized it. In the church of the Vor-Frue-Kirke (church of our lady) are twelve sculptured figures of the Apostles by Thorwaldsen, much more than life-size. His wonderful Christus stands back of the altar. These figures are all the decoration there is in this church, but the effect is so unusually striking, and withal so appropriate, that I wonder more churches do not adopt this simple, effective style of ornamentation. I felt such elevation of soul, such enthusiasm and exhilaration in the presence of Thorwaldsen's work, that I do not hesitate to say it is worth a trip to Copenhagen just to see and know his art.

We stopped at the Angleterre Hotel, which is located on the Kongens-Nytorv. Late one afternoon, as I was sitting at the window of the reading room, there appeared on the street

in front of me a huge figure, advertising sandals, walking on its hands, with its feet up in the air. I seized my camera and rushed into the street, but the figure had turned into a narrow side street and was lost. I thought one would see such an apparition but once in a life time; but next morning, as I was driving down the Amagertorv the figure appeared in front of the cab. I set my camera quickly, jumped out, and ran toward it. When I got within fifteen feet I waved for it to stop, and took its picture. I was surrounded by an interested crowd. I moved up to within ten feet and took another picture. I now saw that inside the figure was a man in an upright position. His smiling eyes were looking at me through the two apertures under the word "Sandals." The figure continued right down the middle of the Amagertorv, threading its way in and out

A STREET APPARITION, COPENHAGEN

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among carriages and pedestrians.

The National Museum, or glyptothek, contains a fine collection of sculpture, and is in itself an architecturally interesting building. The Ny-Carlsberg Glyptothek contains a collection of sculpture presented to the state by Dr. Carl Jacobsen, a wealthy brewer, and his wife. They also endowed the museum. The front part of the building was erected in 1892. It is a model of its kind for sculpture collections, being one story in height and somewhat Grecian in style. In the center of some of the rooms are sunken gardens, containing fountains surrounded by rare tropical plants. The specimens of sculpture in this building are well worthy of note, and they are displayed to excellent advantage by the most attractive backgrounds, frescoes and spacings. Here a magnificent piece of sculpture is given an entire

wall and a suitable background in order to heighten its effect. The tourist, footsore and weary from tramping the other crowded art galleries of Europe, will be much gratified with the graceful arrangement of art treasures in Copenhagen.

The Rosenborg Palace, in Copenhagen, was erected by Christian IV., 1610-25. It was occupied by Danish monarchs, who kept their jewels, weapons, robes of state and souvenirs here, up to the middle of the eighteenth century. As the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were replete with artistic furnishings and ornaments, the castle is most fascinating. The towers are beautiful; the rooms are cozy and homelike. Queen Alexandra, of England, and Empress Dagmar, of Russia, daughters of Christian IX., resided here when they were children, and there are

THE GATEWAY OF CASTLE ROSENBORG, COPENHAGEN

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fine portraits of both on the walls. I took a picture of the gateway of the castle, and also of a company of soldiers who were passing.

The Rathaus is a very decorative building of modern style. The Frederiks-Kirke or marble church was begun in 1749, from designs made by a French architect; but it was not finished until 1878, and then with funds furnished by a private banker.

While out walking with Doctor one day I saw some highly colored aprons for maids, in a shop window, worked in a clever embroidery stitch. I insisted on buying them. Doctor was equally insistent that I would never have use for them. However, I prevailed, and their quaintly fantastic colorings have been a great pleasure to me ever since. I also wished to buy a Danish flag, and asked the clerk where one could be had. He replied, "On Kronprin-

zessin Strasse." I asked, "Where is that street?" He accompanied us to the door and then with much ceremony said, "You are caming on this street. When you can came no longer, you are there." This explanation left much to be desired; however, we followed the street in blind faith for ten minutes, and then found ourselves at Kronprinzessin Street, which was an off-shoot of the street we were on.

The Royal Copenhagen ware consists of bric-a-brac and table pieces. It is so beautiful and fascinating that it is difficult for one to leave the shops with enough money to continue his journey.

At noon we left for Elsinore, our purpose being to spend a few hours there and then take the ferry across the sound to Helsingborg, Sweden, where we expected to catch a

night train for Christiania.

There are difficulties connected with traveling in a country where you do not speak the language. When we alighted in Elsinore, I handed my hand baggage to a porter with gold letters on his hat, who seemed very glad to take it. As we were going to the boat in a few hours, I supposed he would take my baggage to the vessel. After passing in our railroad tickets at the gate, I had a chance to look around, but nowhere was that gilt-lettered porter to be seen. It suddenly occurred to me that instead of a boat porter, it was one of the hotel variety to whom I had handed my baggage, and that he had taken it to some hotel. We described the man to every official in the station, from the chef de gare down. No one could help us. We then took a list of hotels, selected one at haphazard

and drove there. We guessed right the first time, for there in the lobby of a nice little Danish hotel, where no English was spoken, reposed my baggage. Much to the disappointment of the honest porter, I ordered it transferred to the boat.

We then ordered the cabman to drive to Hamlet's grave. The route lies through Elsinore. Does Elsinore sound familiar? It was in the castle here that Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, lived and soliloquized, and where the ghost appeared to him upon the platform.

Great oaks of a virgin forest line the road leading to Marienlyst. I was plunged at once from a realistic, material existence into one of romantic musings. In the park grounds of Marienlyst a little white chateau nestles close against a hill. From either side of the chateau narrow winding and ascending paths climb to

the summit, which is just above the level of the chateau roof. From these paths one may catch glimpses of the beautiful blue sound, framed between gently waving oaks. A quiet melancholy pervades the atmosphere, in the spell and presence of history. There is a marked sadness in the romantic beauty of the scene.

A mound of stones marks the final resting place of Hamlet, and as many sweet-toned birds as ever sang in a virgin forest call to their mates among the leafy branches above his grave. In the distance one can see the castle of Elsinore. The place is full of haunting witchery, and in imagination one can place oneself among the stately courtiers that surrounded Hamlet and Ophelia in the far-off thirteenth century.

Kronborg Castle is situated upon a square

plat of ground which juts out into the sound. It is surrounded by water on three sides, and as the waves lap the shore their music is the only sound that penetrates the castle. You linger here as if drawn by a Lorelei spell, and introspection is the mood of the hour.

Shakespeare played the finest strings on the harp of life; but a poet seeking inspiration for his songs would surely revel in Elsinore, whose atmosphere brews just the kind of philosophy of which Hamlet is the exponent.

A Danish princess is the present occupant of the chateau of Marienlyst. They say that she also is melancholy.

Among historical reminiscences the few hours at Elsinore passed only too quickly, and we took the ferry-boat to cross to Helsingborg, Sweden. I watched Kronborg Castle till, gradually fading from sight, its green roof

and the blue sea mingled in the rainbow shades of the setting sun.

We arrived at Helsingborg about seven in the evening, and experienced some delay in getting through the custom house. We found an excellent hotel and partook of a good dinner. A short drive about town revealed a pretty Gothic church, and street cars painted Copenhagen blue.

It is a night's ride from Helsingborg to Christiania. We had ordered our compartments in advance, while at Copenhagen. At the train, when we applied for them, the agent said, Oh, yes, he had received our telegram, but he was not giving out compartments until he knew how many people he had to accommodate. As some passengers did not arrive until the train was ready to pull out, and as others had already retired, there was much confusion

in apportioning apartments, and still more in obtaining them.

After the train started those who had retired were unceremoniously pulled out of their compartments. As many foreign tongues as Babylon could have produced, were heard in excited protestation against this procedure, as the passengers, in their dressing gowns, hastily gathered up their belongings. Luckily the train was not overcrowded, and we were finally alloted a compartment; otherwise we would have had to sit up all night, during the long ride to Christiania.

In the morning a breakfast basket was handed into the train, containing choice fruit, and assorted sandwiches of eggs, anchovies and ham, also delicious coffee. At Scarpsburg we passed a beautiful waterfall, surrounded by mills; but the water was going to waste over

the dam, for the mills were silent. There was a strike lockout that day that extended all over Norway. Many idle men were lounging about the station, looking very discontented.

When we arrived at Christiania it was raining in the superlative degree. The expression "It rained bucketsful" must have been coined in Christiania, for that expresses it exactly. It kept on raining all the time we were there.

The victoria cabs here are so muffled up with oilcloth coverings to protect their passengers that they lose all semblance of vehicles of transportation. We got into the cab through a flap in the oilcloth covering. There are no windows. I was looking out through an opening to see if the general locality of the hotel was favorable, when I saw in a store window some brilliant Norway costumes for sale. I said to Doctor, "Stop the cab; I must go shop-

ping!" "Jamais de la vie!" (Never in your life), he answered.

The hotel porter met the cab with a huge umbrella. The hotel was so crowded, however, that we were obliged to drive to another. The first thing I did after registering was to go out in that avalanche of rain and hunt up the store displaying the Norway costumes and purchase them. The children that I passed on the street were wearing rubber mackintoshes reaching to their feet, and rubber helmet hats like firemen, with long extensions in front and rear to protect the face and neck from the torrents of rain.

Christiania, while a dignified and substantial capital, is not one of the beautiful cities of Europe. Its chief claim to attractiveness lies in the Karl-Johans-Gade, a parked street in the middle of the town, with the principal

hotels and business houses lined up on either side. The university is at one end of the Karl-Johans-Gade. In front of the Opera House, nearby, are two atrocious statues of Ibsen and Björnson; at the other end of the Karl-Johans-Gade are the Parliament buildings.

After doing Christiania we decided to see something of the surrounding country. We went to a tourist office and bought tickets for a three days' circular trip, starting from and returning to Christiania. The trip was mostly by carriage which was, of course, ordered in advance by the tourist company.

The following morning, Sunday, July 23rd, we left Christiania for Sandviken, where we took a kalesch and drove to Sundvolden, this part of the trip occupying four and one-half hours. Sometimes the carriage road runs along the level of the fjord; then it rises to

quite a height on the mountain side, while to our right there would be a mountain wall of rock a thousand feet high, and on our left a deep ravine.

The fjords are little bodies of water set among the mountains, and from what I saw of them in a limited time I would say they are irregularly sized lakes, with inlets from the ocean.

In the country the houses are built of Norway pine. They are very ornamental in appearance and are on the order of Swiss chalets.

It being Sunday, we passed many peasants in the national costume going to church. We saw a small chalet, on the peak of the roof of which was a white board extending the length of the house, and on the board was painted a phrase of music, in large black notes. I wondered if this was not the humble abode of some

lonesome soul hampered by its environment, and yearning for an opportunity to expand in the realm of musical art, such as can be found only in far-off cities.

In the valleys the fields are well cultivated and appear to be very fertile. Much hay is grown, and on every farm one sees row after row of upright frames, each two to three hundred yards long, on which the hay is placed to dry. In the front door yard of every home in the country town there is a flag pole, from which floats the beautiful Norwegian flag—a patriotic and praiseworthy custom.

At 2:30 p. m. we reached Sundvolden. I had stopped the carriage so often to take pictures that I thought we would be late to dinner; but the guests were just entering the dining-room. I then learned that the dinner hour in Norway is 2:30 p. m., and the hour for the

evening meal, is at 8:00 p. m. Sundvolden owes its place on the map to its hotel and about five houses.

In the afternoon, after a change of horses and carriage, we resumed our drive. We met many people in stolkjaerres, which are high two-wheeled gigs with an extra seat swung on behind. This vehicle is as severe on the uninitiated occupant as an Irish jaunting cart. There were also many bicyclists on the road.

At five o'clock we reached Honefos, a place of twenty-three hundred inhabitants. There is a beautiful waterfall here which I wished to photograph. The time was opportune, for at this hour the sun is back of the waterfall, which is spanned by a high railroad bridge without a walk for pedestrians. There are many houses alongside the fall, with their slanting back yards bordering upon it. Always ascending,

I made my way through these backyards, climbing over many fences. At one place, near the top of the falls I crawled through a barbed wire fence and struggled up the last steep ascent over sliding rocks to the railroad bridge. I then walked half way across the bridge, stepping carefully from one tie to another, while the raging cataract below threw spray into my face. I took several pictures, and returned to the end of the bridge without encountering a train. On my arrival home I found that not one of the pictures was good.

As we had two hours before the evening meal, we wandered out into the garden, which is on the bank of the river Baegna. The river here is quite swift. Two men in a canoe were making their way across the rapids and fishing at the same time. It required considerable

skill to hold their little boat against the current while making a catch.

In looking over the hotel register we discovered that among our fellow guests were travelers from Russia and Norway and suffragettes from Finland. After each name the signer's profession was noted; as "Mr. Brown, professor;" "Mr. Green, advokat;" "Mr. Black, student;" as the case might be.

After the evening meal of fish, cold meats and a variety of cheeses, we retired to our room; through its windows the musical and soothing murmur of the tumbling waterfall lulled us to sleep.

We left for Kongsberg by an early train next morning, making short stops at many towns on the way. At almost every town there is a fascinating waterfall. We arrived at Kongsberg the second day about 11 a. m.

Kongsberg has about fifty-six hundred inhabitants and is situated on both banks of the Laugen.

In the neighborhood of Kongsberg are two silver mines, discovered during the reign of Christian the IV., in the sixteenth century. The mines are now almost worked out, but the inhabitants of Kongsberg attach as much significance to them as if they were the most important thing in Norway, and specimens of the ore are kept for sale in the shops.

The houses in Kongsberg are timber-built. There is a church erected in the eighteenth century, which is said to be the most famous church in Norway. The outside, however, is most unattractive.

For dinner we went to the Grand Hotel. The principal dish at dinner in Norway is fish, which is caught every day from the mountain

streams and lakes with which this country abounds. There seems to be a different variety of fish at every hotel, and what particularly impressed me is the delicious manner in which it is prepared. I did not notice a preponderance of butter or cracker crumbs. I did not succeed in getting any of their recipes, but I do know that Norway fish prepared by Norway cooks is one of the famous dishes of the world.

The quaint timber-built country hotels in Norway compare favorably with those in France. The sleeping rooms are cool, quiet, comfortable and scrupulously clean.

After dinner our carriage, which had been ordered in advance, was called out for the loading of the baggage. A stolkjaerre also stood in the court yard, apparently ready for a long drive. It is surprising how much lug-

gage these small vehicles are capable of carrying.

Our carriage, or kalesch, had two seats, facing each other. They were upholstered in brilliant red plush, with carriage trimmings in the same color. In case of rain the victoria top is pulled up. The heavy baggage was strapped on behind, and the smaller pieces put inside or up with the driver.

The Norway horses are perfectly fascinating. They are small, muscular and hardy, on the pony style. Their manes are very long and pretty and their eyes are bright and intelligent. Considering its small size, it is remarkable how much work one of these horses can do. We had a very good team that afternoon. They pulled the heavy carriage up the hills and mountain sides without apparent fatigue, and we reached Notodden at seven in

the evening. The driver was very proud of his horses, and when I took a picture of them he requested me to send him one. It is needless to state that this request was complied with as soon as I reached home. The next morning the driver started back over the mountains, without passengers, having a quantity of hay strapped behind the kalesch for the use of the horses during the journey.

I noticed that our room in the hotel at Notodden was heated and lighted by electricity. I asked the maid for a key to the room. She reported that the key could not be found, and that it had been a long time since any one had asked for a key to the room. I asked her to give me the name of some street and shop where I could purchase photographs of the town. "Oh," she replied, "our streets have no names."

At Notodden there is a waterfall sixty-five feet high, called the Tinfos, the power of which is used to operate several manufacturing plants situated at its base. Several miles above the Tinfos are two other falls, called Lienfos and Svaelgfos. A canal, which has been in the course of construction for several years, extends from Svaelgfos to Notodden. The water is led through three conduits, making an abrupt descent into the factories. Each conduit produces fifteen thousand horse power, which is used to generate electricity and for manufacturing purposes. The company owns and operates a pulp mill and lumber mill; makes pig-iron; manufactures saltpetre from the nitrogen of the air; and supplies the city with light and heat, all by means of electricity.

At the office of the factory we met the engineer who discovered and patented the process

of making pig-iron by electricity. I asked him how much it cost to build the canal. He said it could be sold for seven million kronen. I then asked who owns the water power in Norway. "Anyone who owns the contingent property," he replied. "Where did they get the money to build the canal?" I inquired. "They made it in the factories at Tinfos," he answered. "How long have the factories been running?" I asked. "About five years," he replied. Seven million kronen represents approximately two million dollars, accumulated in five years, by men still in the prime of life. You can figure for yourself the business opportunities afforded by Norway water power.

On the engineer's desk was a photograph of the president of the company with his family, a cleancut, middle-aged Englishman, with a handsome wife and three healthy, fine looking

children. I afterward saw the family out driving in style.

The next morning we took a stolkjaerre for a twelve-mile ride to the church at Hitterdal. The road lies along the Hitterdals vand (lake), which was glimmering in the bright morning sun. We had to cling tight to the stolkjaerre, and when I jumped off at one time to photograph some girls in bright costumes on their way to school, I feared the vehicle would upset.

The timber-built church at Hitterdal dates from the twelfth century and possesses uncommon interest. It has many pointed steeples, assembled in a manner of perfect symmetry that could only be called artistic. High up are six windows, that do not seem to be larger than port holes. The interior of the church is therefore quite dark, like churches are supposed to have been, they told us, in Solomon's

time. Around the church runs a low arcade, like a broad eave, probably for the protection of the congregation when it rains. During service the men sit on one side and the women on the other. In front of one section of pews there is a blackboard, on which people who have prayed write their names. In front of another section is another blackboard, on which those write their names who have not prayed. The campanile, built of wood and brown with age, is very interesting. We were told that it is second in renown to the famous campanile of St. Marks, Venice. After securing photographs, we started on the return journey to the hotel, having acquired prodigious appetites by spending the entire forenoon in the fresh air, among the pines and mountains. In the dining room was a long table, after the old fashioned continental style. Opposite us sat

THE CHURCH AT HITTERDAL, NORWAY

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a comfortable looking individual with an aquiline nose. He wore a seal ring and had a semipious demeanor. His conversation was in English and was characterized by cheerfulness and good humor. I mentally classified him as a bishop.

The table was set with edibles, but there was no one in attendance to pass them. The "Bishop" conversed fluently. He would begin a sentence, then get up from his seat, and with a few long strides reach the other end of the table, where, with a free sweep of his arm, as if snatching flies, he would encompass a couple of Vienna rolls in his palm, and return to his seat before he had reached the end of his magnificent flow of Oxfordian diction. Again he would commence an extemporaneous discourse that would have done credit to Mark Antony, and start on an exploring tour in search of

the coffee urn at the opposite end of the table. Then standing easily, with the urn poised high in the air, he would gracefully pour the coffee, plaintively remarking, "It is so humiliating to ask for things and not be understood, you know."

He also had been to visit the church at Hitterdal in a stolkjaerre. "When I first climbed up in the vehicle," he said, "I thought grim death stalked ahead of me; but after a while I rather liked it, you know. The problem, however, is how to get out of it, because if you lean too heavily to one side you turn over the whole show, you know."

I asked him, "What is the population of Norway?" He answered, "About four and one-half millions of people, of which two millions are in the United States." He said he saw a funeral that morning. "It is not a very

lively tale, you know," he continued: "they were all at the grave and singing the St. Mathew music from Bach. The minister and his wife were very plump, you know. But such discords I never heard in my life. I said to myself, 'If that is the way you sing, you poor things, no wonder you are getting buried.' "

Then the long table was filled and conversation became more general. There were thirty people at the table and I heard Norwegian, Russian, German and French spoken, but only Doctor, the "Bishop" and I spoke English.

At 6:15 that evening we took the steamer Henrik Ibsen for Skien. The boat proceeds along the picturesque Hitterdals Vand with cliffs and hills rising from each shore. The twilight deepens by slow degrees, and when we reached the wharf at Skien at ten o'clock it

was full evening. The steamer on this course goes through several locks.

Skien is the birthplace of Henrik Ibsen, the dramatist. There is a large theater here. The principal industry is the manufacture of wood pulp and paper. One mill has nine engines, and makes more paper than all Norway could use. This paper is shipped to China, Africa, the United States and other parts of the world. Men laborers in Skien get three and one-half to six kronen a day and work ten hours.

Early the next morning we took the train for the return trip to Christiania. The train proceeds along the Drammen and Christiania Fjords and seems interminably slow; but the scenery from the car window is invariably beautiful. Through trains travel only at night. It was interesting to watch the passengers.

When a Norwegian lady enters a train, she first locates her bundles, then takes an air pillow from a bag and blows it up, places it under her head, and then settles down to read.

In the small towns the men raise their hats to each other in passing.

We arrived in Christiania in the afternoon, and left the following morning at eight for Stockholm, Sweden, arriving there about ten o'clock that evening. On this trip the train is never out of sight of water; there are placid ponds, lakes, canals, and creeks, but always water. Somebody has said that when God made water and afterwards created land he forgot Sweden.

On arriving at Stockholm we went to the Grand Hotel. This hostelry at that time was everything its name implied. From the front windows we looked out upon the lake and the

illuminated buildings, which presented a picture quite similar to that produced by the wonderful illuminations at Chicago's World's Fair Exposition. Our room was quite magnificent; the finest brocaded satin, the best linen and beautiful lace were employed in its furnishings. A maid in trig attire answered the bell with a courtesy.

As was our custom when visiting an important city, we first took a general drive around Stockholm in order to locate points of special interest. The city is built on islands; there are twelve hundred and sixty of them in the Mälar Lake. Much of the transportation is by ferry-boats. We did not understand the Swedish language, but it did not interfere with our pleasure. We would board one of the little ferries, not knowing its destination, get off when it reached a dock, and board a second

ferry boat which would land at a third dock. We clattered on and off the boats, shouting with laughter, because we had not the slightest idea where our little journey would terminate. The nattily costumed boat officials seemed aware of our venture, but they refrained from the slightest smile. On the street cars we would say in one breath, "Combien?" "Wie viel?" and "How much?" If none of these languages proved effective, we would hold out a few small coins, from which the conductor would generally select ten ore.

In the Art Gallery there are several fine Rembrandts; but pictures by Swedish painters are excellent and they constitute a very fine collection.

In the Northern Museum there is assembled a collection of furniture and costumes belonging to different phases of Swedish life that

does great credit to its founder, Dr. Hazelius. On the first floor there is a magnificent sweep of rooms with booths arranged along the wall, fitted up as living rooms with peasant furniture, pottery, bric-a-brac and various utensils, all showing the customs of the period. It is extremely interesting to observe how the peasants, with a few bright, strong colors, decorated their walls and their furniture, producing very striking effects.

The display on the second floor illustrates the customs and surroundings of a thriftier class of people. Here the furniture is mahogany and the costumes more simple. On the third floor are the royal rooms.

The whole collection is a liberal education. It contains a vast amount of material which the average tourist would otherwise have to travel many miles and spend hours of research

in order to discover. Were it not for Dr. Hazelius' work, these things would soon pass out of the memory of man, as Sweden, along with the rest of Europe, is being rapidly modernized. The collection is housed in a building with many gables in imitation of sixteenth century architecture. The roof reminded me of the Chateau Chambord, the Cathedral of Caen, in France, and Castle Rosenborg in Copenhagen.

In the evening we went to visit Skansen, a park of seventy acres, containing rocky hills, lakes, pastures and fields; also an Eskimo village, with huts, dog sleds and Eskimo dogs. There is also a good collection of moose, elks, reindeer and other objects of interest. About eight o'clock in the evening, at the sound of a bugle, picturesque maidens, dressed in their national costumes, assemble from the various

chalets in the park and dance the folk dances upon a raised platform in the center of a beautiful green sward, to the music of three musicians.

Never will I forget those musicians. They were supposed to represent the three musicians in a famous painting returning home on foot in the early morning from a country dance. One wore a long white flannel coat, white stockings, and pumps, and played an instrument shaped like a whale. Another wore a red and blue knitted cap with a long tassel.

The music commenced; the procession started, and the merry troupe in brilliant neck shawls, dainty caps, tidy aprons and pretty dancing shoes, fluttered along to the platform. Then these youthful spirits, arrayed in this revel of color, began the dance. After watching them for some time, I arrived at the con-

clusion that all of the cotillion figures of the present day are derived from the folk dances. These are far more interesting than the waltz and two-step, though not so personal.

One-half the dancers withdrew from the others, thus forming two equal divisions. On one side the couples joined hands and formed a London bridge figure; then the first couple took the lead, and the others followed, all dropping their hands, dancing under the bridge and forming a new bridge at the other end. While this figure was repeated several times, the other division of dancers was executing a beautiful wheel figure.

Many beautiful peasant costumes may be seen on the streets and in the parks. Stockholm is the only European city of importance where the custom of wearing them is encouraged.

Among the magnificent public buildings in Stockholm should be mentioned the House of Parliament, the Royal Theater, the Opera House, and the Central Museum of Biology. There are beautiful parks, gardens and monuments. With its style, grace, regularity and cleanliness Stockholm is one of the most restful and agreeable of the European capitals. Both the city and the people make an excellent impression on the foreigner.

On extremely hot days, when the thermometer registers ninety or one hundred in the heart of the city, a mild and pleasant temperature may be found in the parks, within twelve minutes' walk. In these parks the landscape gardening is developed to perfection, and they are decorated with unique bronze fountains. The trees are old spreading oaks and elms, and there are a great variety of beautiful plants.

I saw ribbon grass, which with us is used for decorative centers of vases, growing as high as a tree, and a fine variety of fern equally high.

In Stockholm the cost of living is very high and they import more than they export.

II

Russia and Austria

WHILE in Stockholm, we decided one morning to start for Russia that day. We went to the boat office, and were told a vessel would leave that evening, but that all accommodations were sold out. However, the clerk added, perhaps some official of the boat would give up his room for sufficient compensation. We went to the dock where the boat lay, and a man with a gilt lettered cap was brought forward by an official. This man said he was the chief engineer, and would give up his room for a consideration. We requested to see the room, and leading the way he began to descend from one deck to another. After going down three decks we found ourselves

in the machinery room. He opened the door of a little inside room opposite the engine. The ceiling was very low and the berth a sort of shelf. We thanked the engineer but politely declined the accommodation. The boat was to leave at eight in the evening, and about fifteen minutes before starting time some one released a first-class room, which we secured.

The sailors were just about to pull in the gang plank when an automobile dashed up on the wharf. Its two passengers, together with a basket trunk, a carryall, four telescopes, a satchel, a basket of fruit, an armful of roses and four other parcels were taken aboard, and we were off for Russia.

The boat proceeded northward along the shore of the Mälar Lake. For miles and miles the beautiful summer homes of the people of Stockholm dot the shore, which is indented by

rocky coves, and softened with a variety of natural scenery and verdure.

While on the map the trip from Stockholm looks like a long one in an open sea, it is really not so; for nearly all the way the boat travels in a protected sea sheltered by numerous islands. It is one of the most delightful cruises in the world. The sea is never rough in July and August, and I think the Captain said that at certain seasons of the year there are only four hours of darkness at night.

About three o'clock on Sunday afternoon, after three days and two nights of sailing, we approached Helsingfors, Finland. The golden domes of a church situated upon a high elevation shone out for miles over the sound. We thought we were coming into Russia. Finding that we would have several hours on land, Doctor went to the captain to have

some travellers' cheques changed into Finnish money. But the Captain said, "Oh, that is all right, I will give you all the money you want to spend and we will settle when we reach Petrograd." Thereupon he opened a drawer and invited Doctor to take what money he needed, not even making a memorandum of it.

A drive of several hours around Helsingfors proved very interesting. A large part of the population, in their Sunday clothes, were on the streets and in the parks. If I may be allowed the observation, judging from the appearance of the people there is no upper or lower class. The grade seemed to be rather invariable, and all belong to the middle class.

While the architecture of the churches in Helsingfors is of the brilliant Russian style and coloring, that of the other public buildings is more forcible than artistic.

In Finland the suffrage movement originated very early, and I understand that a woman will drop anything she is doing to go campaigning and make stump speeches. However, I did not see any men promenading in the parks with frock coats minus buttons, though the ladies I saw were distinguished by force rather than by beauty and grace.

Again we took the boat, and by noon the next day we were nearing Petrograd. The approach is magnificent. All along the banks of the canal are large boats heavily loaded with lumber, grain and other cargoes representing great industry and immense shipping. But above all the marts of trade shine out the golden domes of Petrograd, sparkling in the noon day sun.

Just before our boat docked it was boarded by several sharp looking inspectors in pre-

tentious official costumes, for the purpose of examining passports. They were tall, had hooked noses, and wore long gray military overcoats. They seated themselves at a table at one end of the dining room, and the passengers were lined up and instructed to pass the table and have their passports inspected. So precise was the scrutiny administered to each document that, although Doctor was third in line, it was an hour before we got off the boat. Meanwhile I walked up and down the deck and viewed the city. I noticed that the streets in this district were dirty like our ghettoes. The houses are tall and elongated, and the windows are slant-eyed.

After going through the custom house we looked about for a cab. The cab drivers were clamoring, gesticulating and fighting. It was all the same thing to us, for we did not under-

stand a word of Russian. We loaded our things on a cab and gave the driver the name of a hotel. He nodded, and then promptly drove to another hotel. It looked all right, so we simply put up there. As soon as we had selected a room our passport was immediately demanded and sent to the chief of police. The clerk said it would be returned to us when we were leaving. We now felt as if we were under the constant surveillance of the police. On being conducted to our room, we found it was being cleaned by a house man wearing boots reaching to the knees and a red cotton Russian blouse.

Among our baggage was a steamer trunk, upon the top of which was painted, in large letters, my maiden name. I ought to have purchased a new one before starting; but a trunk you know, is such a friend; it shelters

your souvenirs and protects your valuables; it withstands the storms and tempests of travel while sustaining many a hard knock. When you open it all the corners are familiar ones, and you pack your things without any loss of nerve energy or waste of time in solving new inventions. Well, when we left our room and started down stairs the halls seemed quiet. But suddenly and unexpectedly a red-bloused man would appear in a doorway or at the end of a passage, and eye us suspiciously. When we reached the office the clerk halted us and said to me, "What is your name?" I told him. "That is not the name on your trunk," he replied. "What is your first name?" I gave it. "Very well," he said. "As that corresponds to your passport I suppose it is all right."

Before leaving America I had visited the Russian Consul and asked him what liberties

I would have in Russia to take photographs. He replied that he was unable to give definite information on that subject, as the police regulations were constantly changing, and I would better visit the American Consul in Petrograd on my arrival. So we called a cab and told the man to drive us to the American Consulate.

On entering the Consulate the atmosphere changed at once, becoming breezy and American. The Consul wrote the customary letter to the chief of police, requesting that I be allowed to take photographs in Petrograd. There are many restrictions in Russia in regard to photography. For instance, photographs cannot be taken of marching soldiers, or of any of the fortifications. Severe penalties are imposed for breaking the rules.

A traveler in Petrograd naturally visits St.

Isaac's Cathedral first, because it is the most important church there. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is surmounted by a dome more beautiful than that on the capitol at Washington, or the one that crowns des Invalides in Paris. On entering the church one gets the impression that this great building is lined with solid gold. Velvet toned pillars of malachite and lapis lazuli decorate the interior, and immense solitaire jewels shine out of the crowns of the ikons. The ikon, which is made to represent a saint, is the principal decoration in Russian churches. Life-sized ikons line the walls of St. Isaac's Cathedral. The head drapery and garments are made of gilded silver.

More individually Russian is the Church of the Resurrection, erected on the spot where Alexander II. was assassinated. The exact

location of the assassination is covered by a handsome tomb, inside the church. It is also called the Church of the Expiation, and is surmounted by many Muscovite domes. Upon the interior walls are pictures done in Russian mosaics, representing the life of Christ. One of the most striking portrays the scene in which Christ is taken from the cross. There are only three figures in this picture. In the background the mosaics take the red, rose and pale gold tints of the setting sun. In the foreground the golden halo around the head of the reclining Christus shines dimly. In two other holy pictures the drapery is made of solid seed-pearls. The screen in front of the altar is surmounted by three crosses two feet high, made of large solitaire topazes that gleam from afar. These stones are called Russian diamonds. The golden domes on the churches are regilded in

THE CHURCH OF THE RESURRECTION, PETROGRAD

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three-ply gold leaf once a year, at enormous expense.

The Hermitage, which was originally a palace built by Catherine II. as a retreat from the cares of state, is now an art gallery. There are forty rooms devoted to paintings. In the collection are many paintings of the old masters—Murillo, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Rubens and other famous artists. These pictures were assembled by Catherine II., and her successors, with that magnificent disregard of expenditure which characterizes the Russian government when it sets out to obtain something really fine. This collection is well arranged, and has no superior in the world.

One room in the Hermitage is reserved for the jewels and personal effects of royalty when not in use. Every party entering the room must be accompanied by a guide, and the num-

ber of persons allowed in the room at one time is limited. Among other jewels kept here is a replica of the coronation crown; and a number of royal watch fobs. These fobs are approximately eight inches long and two inches wide. In the center, extending lengthwise, are three rubies, large as lima beans, and the intermediate spaces and ground work of the fobs are set solidly with diamonds. Standing upright on the four corners of a small gold clock are bouquets of flowers, worked in jewels. There are ornaments for the hair made in bouquets of flowers, representing daisies, geraniums and foliage. The white leaves of the daisy are set solidly in diamonds, and the center of the flower is cut gold. The geraniums are made of rubies, the green leaves of emeralds. Each flower is strung on a wire, and the wires are gathered together to make a bou-

quet. In glass show cases are prayer-book covers and jewel boxes made of solid gold and ornamented with large solitaire jewels. There is a set of harness, and saddle covers, inlaid with gold and brilliantly jeweled; and bridles with gold rosettes set with solitaire diamonds.

The Winter Palace of the Czar is not far from the Hermitage Gallery, and is a very important building. It is painted a homely brick red, a very popular color in Petrograd, and used indiscriminately. The interior of the palace is most interesting, because the rulers have impressed upon its decoration and furnishing their forceful personalities and tastes, and because that expression has taken the form of elegant, artistic simplicity. In the white marble throne room is a colonnade of white Italian marble pillars. In the ball room are crystal chandeliers containing twenty thousand can-

dles, which are lighted by means of an inflammable cord running from wick to wick. After each lighting a new cord has to be adjusted.

While passing through the ball room I saw six Russian servant boys polishing the floor. They stood in line and rather close together. Woolen pads or mats were fastened to the soles of their shoes. Each boy at the same moment pushed his right foot forward and then drew it back to line again, and thus the immense space of that ballroom floor was polished by that human machine. I never saw such tired looking servants. Their rooms are not far from the ballroom, and are near the private apartments. They are small and dark, and twenty-five dollars would cover the cost of all the furniture in them. That is always the other side of the picture in Russia.

In a rectangular picture gallery hang paint-

ings of many Russian war heroes. At one end of this gallery there is a magnificent painting of Alexander I. seated upon a prancing white charger.

The apartments of Alexander II. are undisturbed. The sixty copecks he had in his pockets when he was killed lie upon his library table with his pocket-knife and a half smoked cigarette. His hair brush, yellow with age and costing not more than a dollar, is there. Upon the table is a small Christmas tree, about ten inches high, a gift from the Czarina. It is made of silver, and is hung with a few medallion portraits of the members of the Czar's family. The family photographs standing upon the book case might be the old fashioned photos of any family. The state bed chambers are next to the library, but they were not occupied by the Czar. He slept on a small camp

cot in his library, because he was there more inaccessible to bombs. The cot was placed in a remote corner of the room, behind two large marble pillars, which completely concealed it.

The winter garden, under a glass roof, is filled with a rare collection of tropical plants and is most interesting.

One side of the palace fronts a street that lies along the river Neva. It was formerly the custom for the Czar to hold a public reception on New Year's Day, and at these functions twenty thousand people were sometimes received. On one of these occasions, however, a bomb was thrown into the midst of the crowd on the staircase about to enter the palace, killing nearly one hundred people. After that the receptions were discontinued and the Czar seldom occupies the Winter Palace.

The National Art Gallery is architecturally

NATIONAL ART GALLERY, PETROGRAD

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interesting. It is situated in a park where the landscape gardening relieves the severity of the building itself. The collection assembled here represents the art of all countries, but the pictures that most impressed me were those of the Russian artists. They have great scope; and when I recall them I think of the tall Russian people, their great high buildings, the mighty Russian Empire, the stretch of their agricultural fields, the vast spaces of Siberia, the minor strains of the Tschaikovsky music, the lament of their folk songs. Their art has a breadth and caliber proportionate to all these things. There are here some of the sea scenes which were on exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, and a collection of Munkacsy pictures, some of which have been exhibited in America.

On the opposite side of the Neva from the

Winter Palace is the Fortress Church, where, in tombs characterized by refined simplicity, are buried Catherine the Great, Peter the Great, Alexander I., Alexander II., and many others of the royal family. The church is hung with silver wreaths and has an atmosphere of elegant restfulness.

The affection of the Russian people for the memory of Peter the Great impresses the tourist. When the guides or the people speak of him they never say "Czar Peter" or "Peter the Great"; they simply say "Peter."

Petrograd was founded by Peter in 1712. It was built on a low waste area, and enriched with many handsome structures. Succeeding rulers, especially Catherine the Great, continued his policy of augmenting the importance of the city. Peter's first house in Petrograd stands not far from the Fortress Church

of Peter and Paul. It is constructed of timbers, has four rooms, and was built in two weeks by his ministers, during his absence from the city. The house is now enclosed by walls. In the front room, which was the library, are still to be seen the tables and chairs that Peter used. The kitchen was built separately, a little distance from the house. Why the Czarina should have done her own cooking is not quite clear; but the story goes that she went forth through the snow to the kitchen in the winter to prepare the meals, and back again to the house to serve them.

At a later date Peter lived in a charming little one-story palace at Peterhof. In the kitchen of this palace there is some old blue tiling and other evidences of his stay in Holland, where he went to learn ship building.

The great scope of Peter's accomplishments

and the simple, humble manner in which he lived form a striking contrast.

Peterhof is the summer palace of the Czars. It is distant from Petrograd, I should judge, about eighteen miles, or one hour's ride.

On alighting at the station our guide hired a carriage to take us to the palace. We drove through the park, along lagoons whose banks are dotted with small fairy palaces. The large palace, the summer residence of the Czar, is near the seashore. Beautiful views of the sea may be had from one side, while from the opposite side may be seen a terrace, upon which are magnificent tiers of fountains. I counted eighty-one jets of water from these fountains.

The interior of the palace represents the finished, elegant simplicity that is characteristic of French decoration. The rooms are uphol-

stered and decorated with the most delicate satins. The reception room is in white brocade; the salon in delicate blue satin, and the dining room in red. The merchant's room is decorated in gorgeous, glittering, heavy gold, and has a private entrance. It was used by Catherine the Great to receive her merchant friends who brought rich gifts to engage her favor. This glitter of gold probably was pleasing to the merchants, and as Catherine had a fondness for valuable gifts, she arranged the decorations to suit the merchants. The vain pompousness of this room is most amusing in contrast to the elegant simplicity of the other apartments.

In this palace there is a remarkable art collection, founded by Catherine the Great, composed of portraits of Russian peasant girls in national costumes. Outside of this gallery

there are very few pictures on the walls. The chandeliers in all the rooms are of fine porcelain.

On leaving the palace we drove through the park. It is expressly forbidden to take photographs of the palace or grounds. The present Czar lives in a palace near Peterhof. He does not go to the city often, through fear, I suppose, of persons with evil intent. Consequently, it is desirable to keep the plan of these grounds as secret as possible. It is said that when the Czar visits Petrograd he often goes by sea in a motor boat; for thus it would be easy to discern if he were being followed.

Peterhof and the palaces near it are very closely guarded by Cossacks. There is a saying that Cossacks around these palaces are as thick as the trees. The fountains in the park were so beautiful that I decided to risk any pen-

THE FOUNTAIN OF ADAM, PETERHOF PARK

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alty in order to get a picture of them. We were I should think about a quarter of a mile away from the palace. A gendarme was on duty, pacing up and down the terrace which commanded a view of our carriage. I had my camera concealed under my wraps. I instructed the cabman to stop the carriage near the fountains, where I would have the sun back of me. When the gendarme turned his back toward us, I rose quickly, snapped a picture, and as quickly sat down to conceal the camera. It all had to be done so rapidly that I did not know whether I had the right position, and there was no time to duplicate the picture. When our carriage passed through the gate to leave the grounds the same gendarme was on duty there. He looked at me with anger. I think he had made up his mind to watch people more closely in the future, and I had made

up mine to never take such a chance again. When I arrived home and had the pictures developed, they were all very good.

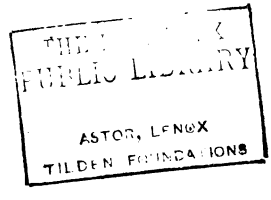
We got back to Petrograd at seven o'clock in the evening, and complained to the guide that thus far we had not found a good restaurant. He directed us to a French restaurant in a street that runs along the side of an uninviting canal. We found the tables in a pretty garden, laid out after the style of the summer gardens and theaters in the Champs Élysées. The head waiter, who now approached us, was quite a French grandee in style and manner. Doctor suddenly discovered that owing to the extravagance of our guide he had but little change left in his pockets. He said to the head waiter, "Do you cash American Express checks here?" The waiter did not hesitate a moment. With level gaze and a very polite

bow he replied, "No, we do not; but Monsieur may dine tonight and pay tomorrow." We accepted the offer. The dinner was a dollar and a half a plate without wine or mineral water.

The splendid repast finished, we tarried a few minutes to enjoy the music and watch the interesting crowd, composed of upper class Russians and foreigners. We then approached the head waiter and asked him to allow one of the small boys to go with us to the hotel and bring back the money for the dinners. Still imperturbably polite, he suggested that we send it the next day. We, however, hastened back to the hotel, got a check cashed, and then Doctor returned to the restaurant and paid the bill, while the waiter protested that this was quite unnecessary.

The cabs and cab drivers of Petrograd are strikingly interesting. The Russian cab, called a drosky, is a light victoria, about large enough to seat one person comfortably. Consequently when two large Americans occupy the same drosky they must hold on to each other and to the cab in order to maintain their equilibrium. The drivers are peasants from the interior. Their honest faces have the clear color of vigorous health and beam with good humor. Their blue uniforms, even in August, are padded with pillows, to convey the idea that the employer is prosperous and his driver fat and well cared for. We would say the uniforms are stuffed; but I noticed the guide said they were "stopped up" with pillows. The drivers race along the street at a three-minute gait, and their beautiful jet black Orloff horses flecked with foam present

A DROSKY DRIVER, PETROGRAD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a most exhilarating spectacle. Among the thousands of cabs on the street, many going at top speed, I never saw an accident.

I had great fun taking photographs of the droskies and their drivers. I secured a position in the rear of one broad-backed driver and took careful aim, so as to be sure and get all of his width into the picture. He had not the slightest idea of what was going on, but there was a line of droskies behind him, and their drivers were doubled up with laughter. I came upon another driver who was sitting perfectly upright on his box, but sound asleep. Just as I snapped the camera, he woke up and began to rub his eyes.

We left Petrograd by a night train for Moscow. The ride is rather comfortable, and the train arrives at Moscow at a convenient hour in the morning. Luckily we had a bet-

ter hotel at Moscow than we did at Petrograd, and did not have to look for a restaurant for every meal.

The first thing we did was to try and find a guide. The hotel porter said it would be very difficult to get one, because there was a large tourist party in the city, and because many private parties visit Moscow at this time of the year, and all the guides are engaged. He had many indefinite excuses. We afterward learned that this particular porter paid the hotel one hundred and fifty dollars per month to hold his position and that the position is worth fifteen thousand dollars a year in tips. We got a very good guide from another hotel.

The guide first took us to the Kremlin, which is the citadel or fortress in the center of modern Moscow. It is two miles around

the walls, which are from thirty to fifty feet high. They are surmounted by nine artistic towers, and the entrances are through five gates remarkable for their beauty. Within the Kremlin are churches, monasteries, law courts and a palace which the Czar occupies when visiting Moscow. Peter the Great moved the capital of Russia from Moscow to St. Petersburg, now Petrograd, in 1712.

As we were about to pass through a gate into the Kremlin I noticed a shrine in the wall fronting the street. The shrine contained various holy pictures, and was filled with a crowd of travel-stained, distressed looking pilgrims, who had come from a great distance to worship there. They were kissing the feet of the ikon and prostrating themselves on the floor of the shrine in complete subjection and humiliation. Many of them had sat on the

steps all night, waiting for the doors of the shrine to open. They looked very poor and as if they were craving spiritual comfort.

Inside the Kremlin we first visited the church of the Assumption where the Czars are crowned. They are baptized in the church of the Ascension, and up to the time of Peter the Great they were buried in the church of St. Michael, the archangel.

The principal decorations in all of these churches are ikons made of gilded silver and heavily ornamented with jewels. It happened to be the Feast Day of St. Mary of Magdalen, and we hastened to the church of St. Sauveur to be present at the full service. This church was built to commemorate the expulsion of the French from Moscow, and the service here on high feast days is most impressive. It began shortly after ten o'clock, and was

conducted by three priests in heavy gold robes. One of them chanted in a deep, resonant voice from the altar, and was answered by a remarkable choir, stationed in stalls on either side of the altar. The choir boys wore handsome uniforms of black, with red vests and sleeves and white surplices edged with gold.

Presently the choir left its place by the altar and marched among the standing congregation to the center of the church. Then began the anthem part of the service. With clear tones the sopranos rang out, followed by the boy tenors with flute-like voices and the contraltos in tones of a mellow cello; then came the deep bass voices of the men. This unison rose and fell in pure harmony, like the waves of a sustained sound of a great organ, producing the most beautiful melodies that echoed through the vaulted nave, and creating in the

participant of the service an impressive emotion of spirituality. The choir of St. Sauveur is well worth going to Europe to hear, even if one had to return by the first boat.

After the service we walked to the Church of the Assumption in the Kremlin. In front of the church was a line of stacked guns. Many soldiers and all the people coming out of the church were running to the Kremlin walls, which overlook the river. We asked the guide the cause. He replied that a celebration in honor of the Feast Day had been arranged to take place immediately after the service. The celebration began by the firing of eight cannons, mounted in a tower, which faced the river. One hundred and one guns were fired in rapid succession. The large bell weighing forty-four thousand tons, and thirty-three smaller ones were ringing at the same

time. With the booming of the guns, together with the jingle and clanging of the bells, one could fairly see the French retreating in the war of 1812.

The old palace was burned in 1812, along with many other public and private buildings. We visited the new palace in the afternoon. It contains many souvenirs of Napoleon, and is quite modern.

The architecture of the monastery, also inside the Kremlin, was attractively Russian. Ranged along the base of the arsenal buildings are four hundred cannons taken from Napoleon. In the middle of the open space between the arsenal and the law courts is a cross marking the exact spot where Grand Duke Sergius was assassinated, in 1905.

One of the most important things outside the Kremlin walls is the Cathedral of St. Basil,

built in 1554, on the Place Rouge, by Ivan IV., to commemorate the victory of Kazan. It is of the gorgeous Russian style of architecture, and kaleidoscopic in coloring. There is a legend to the effect that Ivan IV. was so pleased with this church that he had the eyes of the Italian architect who built it put out, so it could not be duplicated. Its wonderful domes surmount a series of towers. The chapels in the towers are connected by dark and narrow passageways. In order to get a picture of the church I had to struggle up a sandy embankment twenty-five or thirty feet high. Sand and stones slipped from under my feet. On reaching the summit I found myself above the top of a small tree which shows in the picture; then by hanging on to the branches of another tree I sustained myself while photographing the church.

CATHEDRAL OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW

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Opposite the Cathedral of St. Basil, on the Place Rouge, is a modern department store containing one thousand shops. In excavating for the building the workmen took out two hundred wagon loads of bones. On the other side of the Place Rouge is a government building, of that same awful red as the palace in Petrograd.

Catherine the Great founded a university in Moscow. There is an orphan asylum which receives twelve thousand children a year.

One morning we went shopping in the modern part of Moscow, for the necessities we had left behind us in various hotels—here a razor strap, there a pair of rubbers, then an umbrella, until our path through Europe could have been traced by the things we left behind.

Near our hotel was a clean, modern business street, with a fine commission fruit mar-

ket on one side and shops on the other. And right out in the middle of the street was a pretty little white church, with gold domes and steeple, the church of Friday Proskovie, named after a saint.

One afternoon when walking by this church I saw a handsomely ornamented coach with four beautiful white horses standing there. The coach was lined with white satin. There were two footmen on the box in tan livery. It was very warm, and the equipage was drawn up into a niche of the road where it was in complete shade. I told the guide to offer the coachman money and ask him to swing the team and coach into the sunshine, where I could photograph them. The guide said that he would not dare to offer him money or attempt to interfere with his plans, for the daughter of the curate was being married in-

CHURCH OF FRIDAY PROSKOVIE, MOSCOW

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side the church while a gold crown was being held over her head. He further said that the magnificent equipage was not private, but had been hired from a neighboring stable. An impulse came to me to seize the bridle and lead the horses out into the sun, where I could photograph them; but as the infringement of law or custom is severely punished in Russia, I decided to take no chances.

One afternoon about four thirty we took a rambling street car for Sparrow Hills, to see the sun set on Moscow. The ride through the suburbs was full of interest. Arriving at the end of the line, we left the car for quite a walk to the summit of the hill. I was walking in the middle of the sandy road. Suddenly around a turn in the road there appeared a Cossack, mounted on a splendid black horse. He wore a long royal blue coat and a typical

turban of black and red. I was right in position, with the sun back of me, to get a good picture. I raised my camera, and then it occurred to me that it is against the law in Russia to photograph the military. My camera dropped to my side, and the single horseman passed nonchalantly by.

At the summit of the hill there is a cafe, in which a company of peasants were singing folk-songs. These songs generally ended in a lamenting minor note. I think there are many unsolved problems in the hearts of the Russian peasants.

Down the side of the hill the grass was velvet green, and it spread across the plain in front of us to the walls of the Novo-Dievitchie Convent with its many artistic spires. Beyond the convent lay Moscow, with an appearance of close-knit white stucco along its base line,

while along the sky line hundreds of golden domes glittered in the setting sun. As the rays of the sun became weaker, the myriads of dazzling scintillations resolved themselves into single flashes of light that could be counted. These also died out and Moscow was enveloped in an atmosphere of spiritual silence. It was from Sparrow Hills Napoleon first viewed Moscow. At that time there were one thousand churches in the city; now there are approximately five hundred, each one surmounted by two to seven domes.

Our guide said that the Czar of Russia is the richest man in the world; that he owns all of Siberia, which is rich in gold, silver and minerals; that Czar Peter the Great placed a sum of money in the government bank for the last Czar and this has been constantly increasing. The Czar is also head of the Church,

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which gives him an immense political influence.

When a street car in Petrograd passes a church every Russian in the car immediately blesses himself. A uniformed soldier riding in a cab about to pass a church will ostentatiously make the sign of the cross. There are religious shrines in the railroad offices on the Nevsky Prospekt, the Broadway of Petrograd, and in all the railway stations.

When one compares the royal collection of personal jewelry in the Hermitage, representing a prodigious sum, with the conditions among the poorer classes of people, the contrast is too great. There is a room in a palace on the Nevsky Prospekt which is lined with lapis lazuli at a cost of one dollar an ounce; and there is a seventy-five carat diamond in the frame of a holy picture in one of the churches.

Yet in some communities the peasants are so poor that several families use the same dining-room because no one family can afford a dining table. The peasants gather around the table in the middle of which is placed a bowl of soup; each person has a large piece of bread which is dipped into the soup again and again until the meal is finished.

There are in the suburbs of Petrograd several palaces which the Czar has presented to retired government officials. These palaces are provided with military guards, to protect the occupants from assassination.

The chief of police of Petrograd gets fifty thousand dollars a year; a laborer gets fifty cents a day. I have sat on park benches in Petrograd, among the poor people, and have seen them shiver and shrink back, and their faces blanch with fear, when a soldier simply

passed on his way through the park.

One can better appreciate Tolstoi's influence in Russia after having visited there. By birth he was an aristocrat; but he voluntarily left that class to go and live among the poor and to share their fate. Some of his brother writers, while still in the prime of life, disappeared in the mysterious Russian way; but Tolstoi, in spite of his writings, remained unharmed, because the government would have had to reckon with the intellectual world outside of Russia had anything happened to him. Tolstoi has been called the "Russian John the Baptist," preaching in the wilderness; and it has been said that had he been sent to Siberia every peasant in Russia would have followed him.

Cholera is said to be prevalent in Petrograd in the summer time. The streets are sprinkled

with a disinfectant, the odor of which is so nauseating that the upper classes desert the city at this season.

The black-eyed, tall-statured Russian with high pompadour and black beard that one reads of in novels is the exception in Petrograd. Most of the inhabitants have light hair and fair skin, like the Scandinavians.

Russians of the upper class are highly cultivated, and speak easily several languages. The middle class and the peasants are, as a rule, of fine strong stature with a vigorous walk, and have open, honest faces. The people are not educated to self-government; if they were, and if Russia were a republic, it would be one of the finest countries in the world.

And now we leave the fascinating domes of Russia to journey in Austria. It was im-

possible to secure accommodations by way of Warsaw, so we took a straight route to Vienna. This was the worst journey that I ever made. I think we were two days and three nights on the road. The thermometer registered one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and all the car windows were kept closed to keep out the clouds of sand. The guard dusted the compartment several times a day, but in the morning I would lean out of my berth and fish my shoes out of a mound of dirt. From the train we saw great fields of waving grain which was being harvested by men, women and children with sickles and scythes. The peasant huts are small and dilapidated, with thatched roofs and a single stove pipe.

In the dining car the one palatable dish was cabbage soup. There was no drinking water on the train, so at a way station we en-

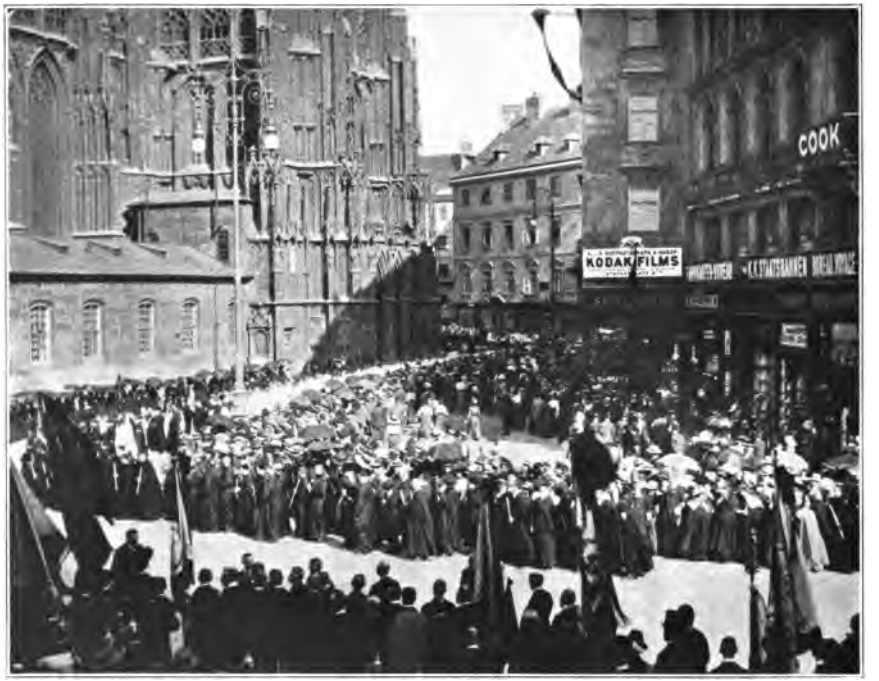
tered a lunch room to buy some bottled water. Upon the counter was a large collection of what looked like bottles of mineral water in our own country. We purchased one for a dollar, and thought now we would have some fresh drinking water for our parched throats. When we returned to our compartment and expectantly opened the bottle, we found—not drinking water at all, but vodka, the Russian whisky! We carefully conserved it till the end of the trip, and then presented it to the train guard, who thanked us profusely.

When we reached Vienna, it took us a whole day to make ourselves presentable. Our clothes could not be made clean, and we had to throw them away.

In Vienna one afternoon, as I approached St. Stephen's Church, I noticed a crowd assembling. I inquired the reason, and was told

that they were coming to assist at the funeral of the Archbishop of Vienna, which would occur at three o'clock. Carriages of dignitaries were now passing through the square to the church. The uniformed coachmen wore empire hats with cockade ornaments. The square was guarded by the police, who demonstrated an excellent system of firm but gentle control of the crowds. All sorts of uniforms were to be seen; the Hussars were resplendent in red trousers, high top boots, and green plumes. A Field Marshal wore a Copenhagen blue jacket with black trousers having red stripes on the side.

Delegations from women's, children's, men's and nuns' societies, with banners flying, arrived from time to time, and were marshalled to waiting positions in the square. A regiment of Hussars seemed to have the post of



AN ARCHBISHOP'S FUNERAL, VIENNA

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honor, near the church door. The cardinals in full regalia repaired to the archbishop's palace, opposite the church.

Almost immediately the procession formed. The cardinals, enveloped in long embroidered red capes and mitred hats, led the way as a guard of honor. Behind them the coffin was carried aloft by bearers. It was covered by two purple cloths of different shades, and a huge but simple wreath of green with flowers rising mound-like from its center.

The procession now circled the church, picking up in its course the societies from their various positions. First came the Jesuits, then the Franciscans, and then the Dominicans. There were twelve hundred priests in line, in white cassocks, and following them came the secular societies.

On the left is the Gothic tower of St. Ste-

phens, on the right are quaint, antique gabled buildings. Into the passageway between them wound the procession, the afternoon sun illuminating a spectacle that might have occurred in the fourteenth century. The cortege had for a background the military and the ambassadorial carriages, filled with all the dignitaries that represent the cog wheels of a brilliant monarchial firmament.

With slow steps the procession advanced, to the music of a sombre military dirge. The bells in St. Stephen's tower ring, toll, strike, strike, toll and ring until the last follower of the coffin disappeared within the black draped portals of the church.

When I first arrived at the square I stood in front of two laboring men. They were short, and I almost obscured their view. When a carriage containing some dignitary

appeared they would eagerly inspect him. They would then look at each other with beaming eyes and say, "Yis, that is his excellency on the right." Then they would touch their hats. When a priest appeared they would say, "That is his riverence so and so," and violently cross themselves.

Several times I advanced into the square to take a picture, but the guard always motioned me back. Finally I was standing in front of a jewelry shop, rather discouraged, when the proprietor stepped out and in a most courteous way offered me a window in his second story for a view point. Through his kindness I was able to get several pictures.

The Rathaus in Vienna is of Gothic architecture, and is built around one large court and six smaller ones. There is a large fest hall, with a magnificent marble staircase. The

ceiling of the Council Chamber is of gold, and the sides of beautiful paneled wood. The frescoes represent historical and allegorical scenes. Other rooms contain beautiful Gothic furniture. From an upper balcony in front of the Rathaus there is an inspiring view of Vienna, which for grandeur, elegance and dignity of architecture is not surpassed among the vistas of European cities.

A fine bronze monument of Maria Theresa adorns the park in front of the art gallery of Vienna. The excellent and wonderfully interesting collection of art in this gallery is taken full advantage of by a large student body. I selected and purchased about sixty photographs of the pictures that most impressed me.

In another quarter of the city is the gallery of Count Liechtenstein. The guide-book says

ART GALLERY, VIENNA

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that the portrait of Marie Luise von Tassis, in this gallery, is one of the finest pieces of art of the seventeenth century. I think it is one of the finest belonging to any century.

In the Vienna shops are photos of Franz Joseph in many costumes and poses. The one I liked best was a sepia portrait on a postal card, showing the Emperor in Alpine costume, with an Alpine feather in his hat. When the shop keepers hand out photos of Franz Ferdinand and the Archduke Francis, you get the history of the whole royal family.

In Vienna we fell in with some friends from home. Each day we took our meals with them in a different cafe. This seems to be the custom here. I saw ladies taking breakfast alone, and was told it is quite customary for a wife to patronize a cafe which she liked, while her husband would go to a different one.

After returning home, I met a gentleman who had married a Viennese girl and brought her to his home city in America. He said she missed the cafe life in Vienna very much, and he was having great difficulty in finding enough cafes in his town to take her to.

Early one morning we drove a considerable distance from Vienna to a wharf on the Danube, to take a boat for Budapest. The boat was an average river steamer, with the decks protected by flapping canvas. In a cold drizzling rain, which continued all day, we sat on the wet decks in company with an interesting English couple, whose adaptability and social charm relieved the situation from boredom and discomfort. It was still raining when we disembarked at Budapest about six o'clock in the evening.

Budapest is really two cities. Buda is sit-

uated on one side of the Danube, and Pest on the other. The majestic river sweeps along under a series of fine suspension bridges connecting the two cities. Rising from the terraced banks on one side are the Palace and several magnificent government buildings. On the opposite side are the beautiful Parliament House, the market on the wharf, and the hotels. Budapest is one of the most picturesque cities in the world, especially at night, when the lights are in the buildings and on the terraces.

The Gothic Parliament House in Budapest is a delight to an art lover. Near it I saw a gypsy woman wearing at least sixteen petticoats of different colors. As she walked their voluminous folds swung about from their own weight and revealed all sorts of brilliant colorings. She had a happy, laughing face, and

was barefoot. Her male companion was dressed principally in a goat skin, and a violin was swung across his back. Somehow the gypsies did not seem to provide the proper social atmosphere for the Gothic Parliament House, whose beautiful dome is visible at the head of so many streets that radiate from it like the spokes of a wheel.

I understand that Budapest is quite advanced in problems of health and sanitation; but the streets were certainly very dirty when we were there.

The next morning we went shopping. We wished to buy a Hungarian flag. A merchant referred us to a man who made them to order. We entered a small, dark room off an alley, near the central business portion of the city. The man said yes, he would make us a flag. He also said he was just preparing to depart

for America. "Here I am able to make only a few gulden a week," he said, "and if I buy something to eat I have nothing left for clothes," and vice versa. We returned in an hour to get the flag. It was made of strips of cheap satin ribbon, coarsely sewn together by a machine, which was the only piece of furniture in the workroom.

We returned to Vienna by train, the trip occupying five hours. The next day at noon we left Vienna by train for Linz, Austria, a picturesque little town situated on the Danube. It was dark when we arrived, but there was a great glow of light on the opposite bank of the river. I learned upon inquiry that it was a folk-fest.

Dinner at the hotel was served in a garden on the river bank, and the light from the opposite shore streamed right up to our table.

We thought all we had to do was to walk across the bridge and we would be right at the fair, but it proved to be nearly two miles. The main street of the fair was lined with cafes, crowded with country people, drinking beer. In every cafe was an excellent band.

We visited a Tyrolean hunting booth. The guns were very old. The sight was obtained by looking through a pin-hole in a central disc. Further down the barrel a pointer was placed, not in the middle, but on one side. A series of painted scenes, apparently inanimate, were hung along the back wall of the booth. A white card with a red bull's-eye in the center was attached to each scene. When the bull's-eye was hit the scene became animated, revealing a man spanking his wife, while their child rent the air with screams. In another scene a boy in a tree stealing apples was pulled

down by the irate owner, and so on.

At another booth a fairy at a window beckoned us in. Once inside we began a tortuous walk through dark corridors; sometimes over revolving plates, then over soft bags, then on rickety slats, until finally a canvas stretched over revolving rollers ejected us through the welcome ausgang (exit).

The next morning was Sunday, also a fest day. Crowds swarmed up and down Franz Joseph Platz, visiting the market on the way to church. Many handsome Tyrolean costumes were to be seen.

The church at Linz is a model of St. Stephen's in Vienna. Linz also has a handsome museum. The town is immaculately clean and very pleasing.

We left Linz by train early in the morning for Salzburg, by way of the Kammersee and

Mondsee. About noon we arrived at Kammer, situated at the head of the Kammersee. At the hotel we had lunch in a garden near the lake, where there are beautiful views of mountain peaks. At three o'clock in the afternoon we took a boat to journey to Unterach, at the other end of the lake. The trip was most delightful.

The Kammersee, or Attersee, is one of the largest lakes in the Tyrol. Its waters are a fascinating sea green. The steamer travels along one shore for a time, and then strikes directly across the lake and pokes its nose into the harbor of some little town which, on account of the lake mists, cannot be seen from a distance. At all these points native Tyroleans board the boat. Among the ladies low-necked costumes prevailed, and half socks among the men. And although the day was a bit chilly,

I did not see one of them shiver.

The mountains rise directly from the water's edge, and are clothed with pine tree verdure and dotted with Swiss chalets. The Schafberg and its companion peaks are visible; at first clouded with mist, but on nearer approach becoming clearer and more forcibly outlined.

In Weissenbach numerous hospitable looking chalets are to be seen near the docks. From Weissenbach the boat proceeds straight across to the town of Unterach, which is situated in the valley that leads to the town of See. We disembarked and took an electric car for the latter place, a quarter of an hour's ride. At See we boarded one of the little steamers plying on Mondsee. After a short ride on this lake, which also is sea-green and has mountain-rocked shores, we alighted at

Plomberg and took the narrow-gauge railway for Salzburg.

We arrived at Salzburg (elevation 1,350 feet) at eight o'clock in the evening. In passing through the lobby of the hotel I noticed that it is modern. At the rose shaded tables in the dining room every one was in faultless evening dress.

Our first real view of Salzburg was from the window of our room. Lights appeared at irregular intervals on the mountain side and in the valley. Deep-toned bells rang out from many church towers, proclaiming this community to be a church-going one; and as no sounds of business life came from the valley, we were reminded that this was the same holiday which we had begun at Linz.

The next morning we visited the house where Mozart lived, the Mozart Museum and

the Cathedral. We then took the cable railway to the fortress on Hohen Salzburg, which was built in the eleventh century. In feudal times, when a town expected an attack from an enemy, it was customary for the citizens to take refuge in some impregnable fortress like Hohen Salzburg, where, with plenty of supplies to ward off starvation, safety could be secured quite indefinitely. In case of siege about twelve hundred people could be taken care of in Hohen Salzburg.

From the fortress there are fine views of several valleys. I was ready to take a snap shot of one when the guide sharply notified me it was against the law to take pictures there. The other members of the party promptly put up their cameras. After they had all docilely followed the guide to the opposite side of the tower to hear his lecture, I took two very good

pictures.

Inside the fortress there are several decorated rooms which were used by a prince. Among the furnishings are a majolica stove from the fifteenth century, and an organ made in the eleventh century for Archbishop Leonard. The organ is played every day at 11 a. m. following the playing of the chimes in Salzburg Cathedral.

We came down the cable railway to St. Peter's Church and Cemetery, situated at the base of the mountain on the outskirts of Salzburg. The cemetery is quaint with bronze crucifixes at every grave; it has as much individuality as the Campo Santo.

It was eleven o'clock and the chimes of Salzburg Cathedral rang out. When they ceased, the Archbishop's organ pealed back from the fortress five hundred feet higher up. The

melody of a church hymn floated through the castle window to greater heights and then in full harmonious volume down to the cemetery, where travelers stood with enraptured, upturned faces. The dead here must be at peace, and there is also peace here for the living, weary and bruised in worldly strife. The Tyroleans standing about said, "It is the Archbishop's organ," and removed their hats until the music ceased.

In the afternoon we drove to Berchtesgaden. This town is built along a road which winds up the mountain side, and consequently presents a very picturesque appearance. We continued our drive to Königs See, one of the most beautiful lakes in the world, and returned to Salzburg by way of Bad Reichenhall, a placid little bathing-place, where a few smart rigs were the sole attraction on the street.

We left Salzburg early the next morning for Innsbruck, by way of Zell am See. This is one of the prettiest railway trips in Europe. The route crosses mountain torrents and passes along the borders of placid lakes and through beautiful valleys, from which the ruins of feudal castles on the mountain sides may be seen.

The architecture of the chalets here becomes more typical of the Tyrol. With the idea of securing plans for a summer home, I sat at the car window and industriously sketched designs of chalets as we passed. Some had wood ornamentation on cement walls; others had fancy iron railings on the roofs; still others carved balconies, gables and porches. On the back of my designs, long since lost, Doctor drew leering, comic figures.

Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, is a city

MARIA THERESEIN STRASSE, INNSBRUCK

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of about forty-five thousand inhabitants and is unusually interesting as to both scenery and history. It is situated in a basin, around which mountains, with sharp, snow-covered peaks close in on every side. The principal street is the broad parked Maria Theresien Strasse, lined on both sides with shops, hotels and other buildings, with a handsome monument in the center. Some of the buildings date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Herzog Friedrich Strasse leads out from Maria Theresien Strasse to the north and is lined with bazaar shops. Facing its terminus is a palace enriched with a magnificent Gothic balcony, decorated with a combination of gold and mosaic. The story goes that Count Friedrich of Tyrol was such a spendthrift that he was known as the Count of the Empty Pockets. In order to counterbalance the effect of this ap-

French.

On another suburban trip we drove to Mühlau, a settlement with pert little mills run by electricity. Then one day we took a street car which connects with the incline railway to the Weiherburg. As the car rolled along I saw a woman washing windows from the outside of her house. She was armed with a dipper and a large pail of water, and her head was protected by a dusting cap. She would fill the dipper, then with a backward sweep of her arm pitch the water against the window with great force, and then dodge back to the edge of the sidewalk. Evidently she was doing good work, for the entire front of the house was so dripping wet, it looked as though the fire department had turned the hose on it. The sidewalk was a miniature lake, but the windows seemed quite dry.

From the Weiherburg there is a wonderful panoramic view of Innsbruck with its suburbs and the Valley of the Inn River. Along the edge of the mountain there is a row of chalets that look as if any fair wind would blow them into the valley. The one I definitely selected as a model for my summer home had a first story of white cement. The second story was of gorgeous red stained wood. A carved wood balcony, fringed with gay red geraniums, encircled the entire house on a level with the second story floor. On one side of the house near the front, was painted a large oval copy of the Dresden Madonna.

From Innsbruck we continued our trip to Munich along the Bavarian lakes. From Munich we took a through train to Paris. As this was at the time of the Moroccan crisis, we saw troops of German infantry moving to-

wards the French frontier, and, after we crossed the line, French cavalry moving towards the German frontier. Our train consisted of eleven coaches, nine of which were filled with soldiers. The railroad station in Paris swarmed with troops wearing plumed helmets and clanking swords.

A MOUNTAIN CHALET, INNSBRUCK

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III

Belgium and Holland

ONE of the most popular continental routes into Holland is from Paris through Belgium by way of Brussels. The Brussels Express, which is called the Rapide, leaves the Gare du Nord, Paris, and reaches its destination in from five to six hours. On reaching Brussels we at once change cars for Ostend.

Ostend is the fashionable sea coast resort of Belgium. When King Leopold was alive he maintained a summer residence here, and fashionable people flocked to the resort in great numbers. There is a promenade along the seashore similar to those at Brighton, England, and Atlantic City, New Jersey, but this

one is built of stone, and is more permanent. Ostend is laid out with parked streets and attractive gardens. The Kursaal fronts upon a pretty park. A splendid orchestra and famous operatic stars appear at the Kursaal in the evening, and the assemblage is brilliant with style and fashion. There is more swing in the life at Ostend than in any other sea coast resort of continental Europe.

Our next visit was to Bruges, which was one of the most important commercial towns in Europe in the thirteenth century. There is sufficient evidence of its former splendor in the Gothic municipal buildings and the churches. In the hospital of St. John is a collection of pictures by Memling which is well worthy of a visit.

In the outskirts of the city there is a convent in which old ladies may be seen making

the famous Bruges lace. In the belfry of the Halles there is a set of the finest chimes in Europe. On almost every street corner artists are transferring perspectives to canvas; but this is about the only sign of life there is. Bruges went to sleep in the fourteenth century and has not awakened since. After a stroll through the unemotional streets, one hopes the town will never know the pulse of modern life, but will remain in all the glory of its Gothic architecture for the artistic education of future generations.

After another short ride on the train, we reach Ghent. The Cathedral here is not striking on the outside, but its interior is unusually interesting. A traveler visiting the Gothic cathedrals of many European countries becomes familiar with carvings in marble as exquisite in design and execution as the finest

lace work. In Belgium, however, he will see something different. In the interior of Belgium cathedrals they use red brick, heavy gold ornamentation, and red or dark grey stone pillars; and yet these are combined in such an artistic way that the effect is one of startling magnificence. The historical associations of Ghent are full of interest.

On the outskirts of the city we met two charming girls driving a cart into town with a supply of milk in brass cans. The horse seemed to think it was too busy a morning to have his picture taken, but after much pulling on the reins the girls succeeded in inducing him to stand still long enough to be photographed.

Brussels is one of the most finished capitals of Europe. The streets are broad and clean, and ornamented with many handsome monu-

HOTEL DE VILLE (CITY HALL), BRUSSELS

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ments. The Cathedral of St. Gudule is rich with objects of art. The pulpit was carved by Verbrüggen, and represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise. In the chapels are beautiful altars and paintings. The stained glass windows are very old, and in the mellow tones of many colors they radiate the effulgence of a lighted Christmas tree.

The City Hall is Gothic in architecture and is extraordinarily beautiful. Outside of it, under red and white umbrellas, handsome flower girls sell bouquets. A large bunch of American Beauty roses may be had for twenty-five cents.

The Art Gallery contains a choice, well selected collection of paintings and sculptures. The standard is higher than that of the Luxemburg Gallery, and much better than that of the Louvre, both in Paris. It would take

at least three days of a tourist's time to do justice to this gallery.

The Bourse, a trading building, is conceived in a poetical style of architecture, which signifies that these people, while making rapid strides in commerce have simultaneously advanced in art.

Through the Bois de la Cambre, a suburban park, runs a pretty drive, which leads to the battle field of Waterloo.

Not the least of Brussels' attractions are her boulevards and shops. It is often said of European shops that everything they have is in the windows; but in Brussels, after you have inspected the clever window displays, step inside and you will find a large reserve stock of the famous Brussels lace, fine gloves and handsome leather goods.

We went by train to Dordrecht, an old-time

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city, founded by Count Dietrich of Holland in the eleventh century. It is said that in the middle ages all produce brought into Holland had to pass through Dordrecht and pay custom duties there. As a result the town became very flourishing. Its neighbor, Rotterdam, became envious and finally secured a great portion of this trade.

The first Congress of the Netherlands Commonwealth was held at Dordrecht. The city was the birthplace of many famous painters, among them Arij Scheffer and Nicholas Maes.

In the Groote Kerk the choir stalls are finely carved, and represent work of the sixteenth century artists. They portray scenes of Bible history. The tower on this church is the only square thing in Dordrecht. The town is full of artistic houses with gabled roofs. Some of

the women wear lace bonnets which are most picturesque.

In Holland a camera at once attracts a crowd. When about to photograph a lady with a wonderful lace bonnet I was dismayed at seeing a lot of others trying to crowd into the picture. I had to promise them to take their picture after I had secured that of the lady. In the second picture, where the leading lady is sharing the limelight with so many others, she is not wearing so pleasant a smile. I have been asked if the crowd is the lady's family.

While walking along the main street one day I saw an artistic figure approaching, accompanied by a peculiar odor. It proved to be a woman peddling kerosene. She was not anxious to be photographed, but submitted with passive interest. Later in the day I aim-

A LACE HEAD DRESS, DORDRECHT

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lessly turned into an alley and there was the kerosene peddler delivering a morning supply of kerosene to a customer. She promptly gave me a cordial bow, and explained to the lady in Dutch that I was a friend of hers who had already taken her picture. My heart was warmed by this little human experience, and I felt more welcome in Dordrecht.

Here, as in all Dutch towns, one sees most peculiar draw bridges which look like those over the moat of a feudal castle.

Proceeding to the wharf to take a boat for Rotterdam, we were attracted by the clanging bell of a ferry boat, impatiently waiting for its last passengers, a boy and girl with large brass milk cans. They cheerfully took the risk of losing the boat for the sake of two coppers I tossed them while taking their pictures.

An excellent modern steamboat plies be-

tween Dordrecht and Rotterdam. It stops at Kinderquek and other points long enough to take aboard the butter and cheese brought down to the quay by the busy Dutch housewives. Rotterdam is a commercial town. Its hotels are situated in noisy places, consequently we did not stay there long.

The following day we placed our baggage on a convenient cab and told the man to drive to the boat for Delft. Presently the cab stopped and the driver set the baggage down. There was no boat in sight; but as we approached nearer we saw below the high wharf a canal boat, on the top of which passengers occupied camp chairs around a sportive smoke stack. In the rear end of the boat were several cows, contentedly viewing the scenery while waiting for the boat to start. We went aboard, took our chairs, and joined the com-

pany around the smoke stack. The boat had hardly started when they all slid from their seats into a kneeling posture. We followed the example, just in time to save our heads from a good knock from a low bridge under which we were passing. The smoke stack was turned down on hinges in our midst for the occasion, and when we arose from our lowly positions, many of us had blackened faces.

As the boat proceeded it passed so close to the backs of the houses that we obtained a good idea of the native life. The Dutch fraus would emerge from the houses with a basket of clothes which they wash in the waters of the canal. They scrub the walks and pavements; in fact, they scrub everything in sight, but the trees. Then they slip off their wooden shoes, re-enter the house, and go about their other duties. We handed sweetmeats to the children

along the banks of the canal, who made long reaches for them but never fell into the water.

The pleasant journey ended at Delft, which is the burial place of the Dutch royalty. From Delftshaven the Pilgrim Fathers started on their journey to America in 1620.

Delft has picturesque canals, and two good churches. There is the old church in which is the tomb of the famous Admiral Van Tromp, and the one built in the fourteenth century, called the new church, in which is the tomb of William of Orange. Near by is the house in which William was assassinated.

Delft is famous for its blue chinaware. It is now made in factories, and instead of the rich dark blues with which we are familiar, they use mostly a white foundation with a design in blue tracing. The china is sold in only one or two shops, and seems to be quite as ex-

pensive here as it is in our own country.

We again vary our mode of travel, and take a tram car from Delft to The Hague. Among the passengers are Dutch families who address their acquaintances in excellent French and German.

In the thirteenth century Count William of Holland built a hunting lodge on the present site of The Hague. It was called 's Gravenhage, which is the Dutch name for the Count's Woods. The Hague is one of the most elegant capitals in Europe. The public buildings are handsome, the thoroughfares scrupulously clean, the shops have a smart appearance, and the private houses are ornamental. It is the residence of the Queen, and therefore of the court and aristocracy. The people are distinguished looking and well mannered. The "Wood" is now on the outskirts

of the city; but well kept trees line the streets and leafy branches meet over the tranquil placid canals. In the center of the town is a lake called the Vijver, which mirrors the fascinating shadows of the adjacent public buildings.

In the Mauritshuis or art gallery is one of the choicest collections of art in Europe. There are fourteen Rembrandts, among which is the famous Rembrandt's Anatomy. The Night Watch, at Amsterdam, by Rembrandt, is often called the finest picture in Holland; but I think, in some respects, his Anatomical Lecture shows finer talent. In this picture the students are gathered around a table, intently following the anatomist's demonstrations; and the different expressions of scientific interest upon their countenances overshadow every other detail in the picture.

PRIVATE RESIDENCES, THE HAGUE

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Other buildings of interest are the Queen's Palace, Baron Steengracht's picture gallery, and the Mesdag Gallery. The first International Peace Conference met at The Hague in 1899.

In Holland cities it is quite the custom for the people to frequent the streets in the evening. At The Hague great crowds assemble every evening on a street called the Lange Pooten. The people have beautified their residences because they love the artistic. There is here all the refinement and comfort of civilization, in an atmosphere of sylvan beauty, which seems the essence of repose and peace.

The House in the "Wood" is a royal residence in the suburbs. Its interior presents an elegant aspect, but one of domesticity and comfort, which is unusual among the royal palaces of Europe.

We took a tram from a shady square called the Plein and went out the old Scheveningensche Weg to Scheveningen, which is a combination of a fashionable summer resort and fishing village. In the fashionable locality there is a broad walk along the seashore, and several hotels. The fishermen's cottages are situated some distance back of the hotels. About four o'clock in the afternoon fashionable crowds saunter along the promenade. The fishermen's wives come up from the village and mingle with the throngs, and although they take note of the latest styles from Paris, which change several times during the season, they themselves do not show the least change of heart towards their broad skirts and white-eared bonnets.

One day as I was crossing the broad elevated esplanade, a woman carrying a basket

of fruit and flowers came toward me. I raised my camera and took a snap shot picture of her. She did not stop walking, but covering the distance between us she courtesied, and said, "Please buy my flowers." The average native does not always manifest such graceful diplomacy.

Following a broad walk down to the beach, I came upon two women and a man picking up bathing suits. The women had on very wide, bright red skirts. All three looked so typical that I immediately made a bargain to take their picture. They agreed to take a copper apiece. I posed them and was looking through the finder of my camera to get the focus when I was amazed to see a white horse in the group. The man had marshalled up the horse and stood him in line. I protested to the man that the horse would add nothing

to the beauty of the picture, but he simply replied, "Well, give us each two coppers more and we will take the horse out."

The Scheveningen fishermen wear red shirts and large wooden shoes. I said to one of them, "Are not these shoes cold in winter?" "Oh, no," he replied, "we put straw in them."

Along the beach there was a row of green wagons, which looked like enclosed grocers' wagons. I found they were used as bathing houses. The wagons are drawn into the sea by horses, and the bather jumps out of the wagon for his daily bath. There were also hundreds of tall yellow baskets, in which the ladies sat in comfortable protection against the wind while the children waded in the water or picked up shells on the sand.

Back in the village the women gossip while the wash dries. I walked up and down the

street trying to get pictures of them; but directly I raised my camera they would disappear into the house as if by magic. A group would scatter like frightened doves. I hired a cab and instructed the man to drive slowly. After passing a group, I would suddenly stand up and snap a picture; but all I obtained was a photo of their fleeing backs. At last I encountered a clerical looking individual who regarded me severely, and said, "Why do you annoy these people? It is against their religion to have their picture taken." I afterwards read in a book on Holland that they regard it as a transgression of the first commandment.

There is no harbor at Scheveningen, but a town-crier keeps watch at night for the fishing boats coming in from the North Sea, and when he sights one he calls, "Come out, come out,"

and the people go down to the beach and help the horses pull the boat up on the sand. There are generally ten or fifteen boats lined up on the beach, and with their colored sails and flags, they are one of the most picturesque sights of the place.

We now returned to The Hague, and proceeded by automobile to Leiden. Every time our machine stopped we were immediately surrounded by a group of children. Holland is the home of the "Old woman who lived in a shoe who had so many children she didn't know what to do."

In Holland the canals run through the fields, and the grain grows right up to the water's edge. It is not unusual to see a large boat in full sail apparently moving through a level field of grain.

On our journey as we crossed a road I saw

a shepherd driving a flock of sheep. They were in position to make a pretty picture. I jumped out of the machine and ran toward them. The sheep, seeing a figure bearing madly down upon them, and having no reason to believe it was a friendly visitor, promptly broke ranks, jumped off the high road into a ditch of water, and threw themselves against a barbed wire fence. To my utter astonishment none of them were severely injured; but they broke through the fence and scattered far and wide in a large field. The disconsolate shepherd shook his head and waved his arms in wild despair. In order to assist him, we made an effort to reassemble the sheep; but this was no easy matter. Two young farmers came into the field and soon demonstrated that their method of managing sheep was far superior to ours. They gathered the flock to-

gether, chased them out onto the high road, and headed them for home. We gave the shepherd some good coins to comfort him; but he had lost a half hour's time, and went off with his flock shaking his head dubiously.

One entering Leiden must soon feel the intellectual superiority of its people, and be impressed by its atmosphere of crisp precision. It has a very good university. The famous painter, Rembrandt, was born here. His parents sent him to the university to study law, but when he should have been getting his lessons he was out in the woods, painting.

History tells us that when the Spaniards entered Holland for conquest in the sixteenth century, Leiden was under siege for almost a year. During the last six months of the siege, in 1574, eight thousand people died of famine. William of Orange exhorted the inhabitants to

hold out and he would send them aid. His brother, Louis, died fighting with the troops on his way to Leiden. The waters were so low that the rescuing Dutch fleet could not approach the town. On August the third, William directed that the dykes be pierced in sixteen places, but this did not let in sufficient water to float the heavy Dutch ships. The people of the town begged Burgomaster van der Werf to surrender. He replied, "Here is my sword. Take it and plunge it into my breast and divide my flesh among you to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender as long as I live." On October the second, a storm on the North Sea raised the level of the waters, and the Dutch sailors forced their ships up to the forts. The Spanish army fled and the town was saved. Once a year, on October the third, the inhabitants gather around

the statute of Burgomaster van der Werf, in Van der Werf Park, and celebrate deliverance day. As a reward for their bravery, William of Orange offered the people exemption from taxes or a university. They took the university.

On the outskirts of the city there is a boys' military school. It was evidently wash day when we were there, for the boys' clothing was hanging up to dry in the most convenient place, which was the masts of their ship.

We now went in the automobile to a little fishing village by the sea called Katwijk. Some people think all these villages look alike, but to me they are all different, and each has a charm of its own. In Katwijk the roofs are red, the blinds are green, while to be in fashion, the front door must be blue. There are no idlers in Katwijk; everyone is busy. The faces

of the people radiate supreme contentment, which is one of the great attractions of the Dutch nation.

The church at Katwijk is whitewashed both inside and out. An Englishman, speculating upon possibilities if the English should move to Holland, said: "The little villages would not be so clean, and idle ladies with parasols and idle gentlemen in knickerbockers would appear upon the streets. If the Dutch moved to England, the race-tracks and athletic fields would be turned into pastures and Westminster Abbey would be whitewashed."

We now resume our automobile tour to Haarlem. Just out of Katwijk we came to an unusual ferry boat. It had a coupling appliance at each end which instantly and mechanically fastened the boat to the wharf.

Everywhere along the route are the attrac-

tive black and white Dutch Holstein cows. The life of a cow in Holland must be a joy forever. In summer she has rich pasturage and the pure water in the near-by canals. And some people say that in winter the cow has a red velvet blanket to keep her warm. Anyway, she is brought under the same roof with the family, and has a suite of rooms which is separated by only one door from the family sitting room. The walls of her so-called stable are whitewashed, and the floor is strewn with sawdust. The result of all this attention is that the Holland cow is a mild and contented looking animal.

We now reach Haarlem, where the chief modern industry is bulb culture. In the seventeenth century the city was noted for its architects and painters. Lieven de Key built the famous Haarlem meat market, which is in an

excellent state of preservation and is a fine example of that artistic period. The town hall is another famous structure, and in one of its beautiful rooms there is a collection of Frans Hals' pictures. This artist was born in Antwerp, and was a prolific painter. His portraits, whether singly or in groups, are virile and forcible, and, in my opinion, compare favorably with those of Rembrandt in his best style. The Haarlem collection is large and essentially fine Dutch art. I found it the most interesting single collection in Holland.

The Dutch and Flemish painters, Rembrandt, Hals, Rubens, de Crayer and Van Dyck, idealize the best qualities of humanity. In their pictures the drawings are fine, strong, and perfect in proportions. The refined faces in their paintings show conscience, courage, strength and fortitude—the virtues that ele-

vate humanity above the ordinary level. This seems to have been accomplished without effort on the artists' part: it was their inspiration. They lived and worked in an artistic atmosphere so long that when they reached the point of interpreting their conceptions the pictures developed without apparent effort. Thus the most evident quality of their work is naturalism. The coloring as an attribute of art is lost sight of; if it were eccentric it would be remarked; if poor it would be instantly observed; but it is so true to life and so natural that the groups seem to be living beings.

From Haarlem we now proceed to Alkmaar. We notice that the women in the district near Alkmaar wear very trying and unbecoming bonnets.

Alkmaar exports five million kilos of cheese a year. Friday is market day, and at five in

the morning wagon-loads of cheese begin to arrive at the market. The cheese for export is colored red, that for home consumption is colored yellow. After the wagons arrive, the farmers throw the cheese from the load to the porters on the market-place, and hundreds of the red balls are flying through the air at the same time. You cross the market-place directly under the shower. The balls are laid in rows, and the buying begins at ten o'clock. When the farmers and the buyers agree on a price they strike hands. Sometimes they strike hands several times, to close the deal. It looks as if a great many long lost brothers had suddenly met.

The weigh house is a grey stone building. In the belfry there is a set of chimes, and the campanologist plays lively tunes, to encourage the market. After the cheeses have been

sold they are piled in pyramids on wooden boat-shaped receptacles. These are swung by means of straps over the shoulders of two porters. The porters commence a short fast trot in rhythm with the merry tunes dancing out of the belfry and carry the cheeses into the weigh house. After they have been weighed and registered, the porters take up the load again and carry it to the canal boat, a dozen steps away. Each cheese weighs about four pounds, and there are sixty of them in each pyramid. The porters wear white suits, and colored ribbons on their hats. They administer their duties with dignity and love the work. Some of them have been in the service of this market for many years.

When the canal boats are loaded they sail to some ocean port like Amsterdam, where their cargoes are transferred to the holds of

ocean vessels, to be carried to foreign lands. In this market a large business is transacted with system and finesse, in an artistic setting, accompanied by dazzling kaleidoscopic effects of motion and color. The market is full of life, and is one of the most interesting places in Holland.

We now resume our motor tour to Zandam, the center of the windmill country. There are seven hundred windmills in Zandam, which operate dairies, lumber mills, grist mills and blacksmith shops. In the country the farmers often live in the large round base of the mill which makes a very comfortable home.

The dykes of Holland were not constructed for automobile traffic. They are only wide enough on top for the milk carts drawn by the dogs. Just outside of Zandam there is a very high dyke about a mile long, which runs

through a marsh. We had started along the dyke, and had made about half the distance in our sixty-horse power machine, when we met a load of lumber. The problem of passing was not a simple one. Each vehicle hung over the side of the dyke so far that it came near rolling into the marsh from gravitation. It is said that it costs five million dollars a year to repair the dykes of Holland, and also in the process of repair they are completely reconstructed every five years. There is a legend to the effect that a key in Amsterdam controls all the dykes in Holland; and that if a conquering power should obtain possession of the country, the dykes, by means of this key, could be opened and the entire country submerged.

In 1697 Peter the Great of Russia came to Zandam to learn ship building. The little hut

in which he lived while here is now enclosed with brick walls, in order to preserve it.

From Zandam we proceeded by automobile to Amsterdam, a great commercial center. It is very interesting to walk along the canals and see the boats loaded with cargoes worth many thousands of dollars and destined for all parts of the world. If there is a leisure class in Amsterdam I did not discover any evidence of it.

In the Rijks Museum is a very fine collection of art which includes Rembrandt's celebrated painting, the Night Watch.

One of the largest diamond markets in the world is at Amsterdam. When you enter a diamond store you are very closely scrutinized, and the door is locked behind you. The showcases are filled with unset stones. The clerks show them to you by the handful; each hand-

ful is worth thousands of dollars. After seeing this market, a diamond never looks quite the same anywhere else. Here they look like fresh dew drops.

One morning, after having visited a vegetable market, I wished to take a picture of the street diverging to the right. As I turned the corner, while looking in my camera to watch the picture appear in the finder, I suddenly saw a volume of falling water that looked almost as large as Niagara Falls. A stolid Dutchman facing me was washing the street and the water from the hose was descending near my feet. I looked at him inquiringly. He looked at my camera unflinchingly, and the unwavering "Niagara" continued to approach. I could see from the unrelenting expression on his face that the Dutchman had no intention of turning the hose

away; consequently there was nothing for me to do but to beat a hasty retreat.

The general market in Amsterdam is held under tents. I saw there a large display of china, from which one could select anything necessary to set a dinner table. In another tent was a large variety of shoe strings. It is very interesting to mingle with the people in the market-places, for you then come in direct contact with them, and can learn much concerning their daily lives in their buying and selling. When stopping in a foreign town I generally go to the market every day.

One evening we went out for a stroll under the trees along the canal. We saw a man in a row boat, and thought we would like to take a ride. We beckoned to him. As the boat came up we saw on one end of it an extension bridge which slanted obliquely upward until it reached

the top of the bank on which we were standing. Taking hold of the side railing, we walked down the bridge into the boat and seated ourselves comfortably. The boatman rowed up stream, and shortly a lighted pavilion upon an island came into view. We motioned to the boatman to row over to it, and the ascending bridge again reached easily to the high bank. After having a lemonade, we walked down our bridge into the boat again. This arrangement is the most convenient thing imaginable. I do not think the American people appreciate how convenient it is, to always carry your own bridge with you.

The next morning, I called a cab, and not speaking Dutch, I instructed the hotel porter to tell the cab man to drive around the city and show me the sights. After a while the cab stopped in front of two houses with a pas-

COSTUMES, ISLE OF MARKEN

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sage-way between them. The cab man motioned me to enter the passage-way. The houses were evidently private ones and had very forbidding exteriors, so I declined. Thereupon the cab man jumped off his box and gesticulated so wildly and shouted so loudly that rather than be arrested for disturbing the peace I entered the passage-way. At the end of it was an enclosure completely surrounded by houses. In the center of the enclosure upon a grass plat was a charming church which I should not have cared to miss.

We now took a boat for the Isle of Marken, which is noted for its picturesqueness and the quaint costumes of the people. There are always several photographers here, snapping the same group of children, who pose with unconscious and almost professional ease.

From Amsterdam we went to Bremen, and

there took a liner for America. The third day out was to be Doctor's birthday; so before sailing I secretly visited a confectioner's shop and ordered a birthday cake, which was delivered to the steward of the boat. On the birthday the waiter approached the dinner table bearing a white cake three stories high, decorated with pink candles and white confectionery roses. The cake spread good cheer, and the other occupants of the dining room seemed to take more than a passing interest in the celebration.

With pleasant incidents the time on ship board passes quickly; but to the American who has spent several months in Europe, the New York Harbor is the finest sight in the world.

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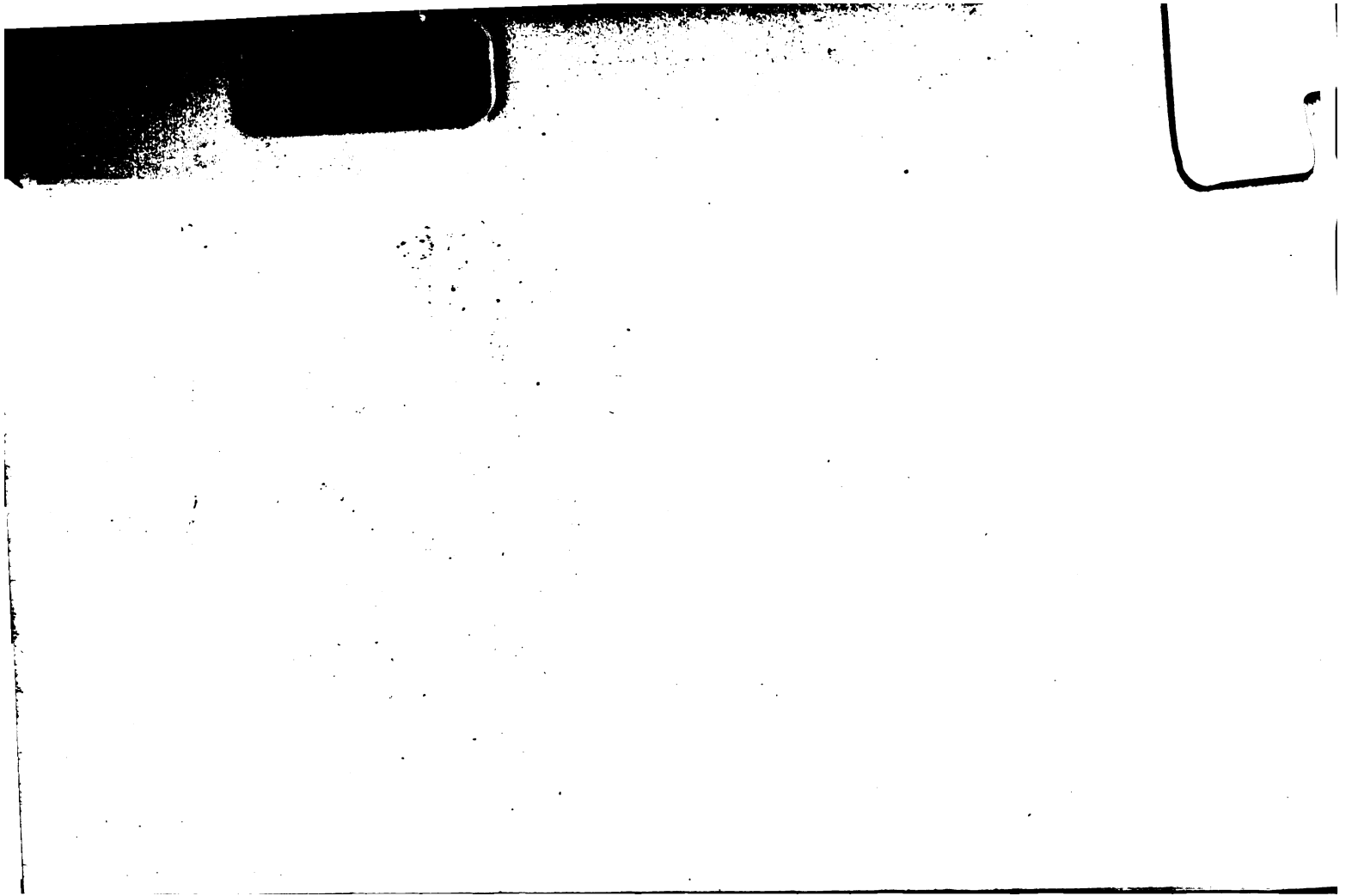
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